

ROME RHYM'D  
TO  
DEATH.

Being a Collection  
OF CHOICE  
POEMS:

In two parts.

---

*Written by the E. of R. Dr. Wild, and others of  
the best Modern Wits.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John How*, at the *Seven Stars*, at  
the South-West corner of the *Royal Ex-*  
*change*, in *Cornhill*. 1683.





ROME RHYM'D

DEATH

Being a Collection

OF CHOICE

POEMS

By JOHN DRYDEN

AND

By JOHN WILSON





# ROME

*Rhym'd to Death, &c.*

An Exclamation against **P O P E R Y**:

By Dr. *W I L D*.

**P** Lot on proud *Rome*! and lay thy damn'd  
Design  
As low as Hell, we'll find a Countermine:  
Wrack thy curst Parts! and when thy ut-  
most Skill

Has prov'd unable to effect thy Will;  
Call thy black Emissaries, let 'em go  
To summon Traytors from the Shades below,  
Where *Infant Treason* dates its Monstrous Birth;  
Is nurs'd with Care, and after sent on Earth:  
To some curst *Monks*, or wandring *Jesuits* Cell;  
Where it thrives faster than it did in Hell!  
Call bloody *Brutus* up, Lean *Cassius* too;  
Let *Faux* and *Catesby* both, be of the Crew! —  
Nay, rather than want Help, let your **BULLS** run,  
And Damn the *Devil*, if he do not come!

B

Ye

1033579

[ 2 ]

Yet after all your Plots, and Hatchings, we  
 (So long as *CHARLES* and's *Senators* agree)  
 Will warm our Hands at Bone-fires, Bells shall  
 (Ring;

And Traytor's Knells no longer Toll, but Sing.

We doubt not *Rome*, but Maugre all thy Skill,  
 The Glorious *GOD* of our Religion will,  
 In spite of all thy Art, preserve It still!  
 And his peculiar Care of It to shew,  
 Defend in Health, Its Great *DEFENDER* too!

'Tis *Interim*, Do thou new Crimes invent,  
 And we'll Contrive as subtil Punishment.

'Tis *Autumn* now with us; and every Tree;  
 Instead of *Fruit*, may bend with *Poper*y.

'Twould be a Novel, tho no hated Sight,  
 If every Bough should bear a *Jesuite*! (Swords;

We'll meet your Plots with Pikes, Daggers, with  
 And stead of long Cravats, we'll lend you Cords.  
 Each Stab in Private, we'll with Use return:  
 And whilst one Hangs, the other he shall Burn;  
 Till *Tybourn's* long-impoverish'd *Squire* appear,  
 Gay as the *Idol*, fills the *Porph'ry* Chair. (run

Yes, Mighty *CHARLES* at thy Command we'll  
 Through Seas of Rebels Blood, to save thy Crown.  
 Our Wives, Estates, and Children too, shall be  
 But Whetstones to our Swords, when drawn for thee.  
 We'll Hack, and Slash, and Shoot, till *Rome* Con-  
 And Hell it self is cloy'd with *Traytors Souls*: (doles;  
 Till *Godfrey's* wronged *Ghost* (which still does call  
 For Shoals of *Rebels* to attend his *Fall*;) )

Cries

## [ 3 ]

Cries out, *Dear Protestants, no more pursue  
Their Guilty Blood, my Manes have their Due!*

This, *Mighty Monarch!* at thy Beck or Nod,  
Shall be effected, as Thou wer't a God;  
With so much Readiness, thy Royal Tongue  
Shall hardly Speak, e're we revenge the Wrong  
On thy curst Enemies; who whilst they state  
Thy Death, shall feel themselves th' intended Fate;  
And by a quick Reverse, be forc'd to try  
The *Dire Effects* of their own *Treachery*.

Poor *Scarlet Harlot*, couldst thou stand in want  
Of a Genteel, and Generous Gallant,  
Whose *Noble Soul* to Baseness could not yield;  
But wou'd have try'd thy Int'rest in the Field,  
We had not thus thy Policies condemn'd;  
But thought Thee worthy of a Foe, or Friend:  
Both which, with equal Estimate thoult find,  
Were always valu'd by an *English Mind*.  
But Thou of late, so Treacherous do'st grow,  
That we should blush, to own thee either now.  
Base, and Perfidious too, thou do'st appear;  
Sland'rest a *Pope*, and spoyl'st an *Emperor*.

What! is the *Eagle* from the *Mitre* flown?  
Is there of *Cæsar* nothing left in *Rome*?  
Must that Renowned City, here-to-fore  
Fam'd for her Vertues, well as for her Pow'r;  
Instead of *Consuls*, Vagabonds employ?  
And suborn *Felons*, MONARCHS to destroy?  
Bribe Men (thro' Want made boldly Desperate)  
To Fire-ball Cities, to their Grov'ling Fate;

Whilst *Hellish-Jesuits* Porters Garbs profane;  
Assist the Fire, and Bless the growing Flame!

Must *Rome's Great Pope*, whose Piety should run  
As an Example, thro' all Christendom;  
Whose Signal Vertues, Arguments should be  
Of his Admir'd Infallability?

Does he hire Ruffians, *Justices* to Kill;  
And send the Murd'ers Pardons at his Will?  
Bids them in Hereticks Blood their hands embrue;  
Tells them withal 'tis *Meritorious* too! —

If this thy Practice be, false *Rome* Fare-well! —  
Go, Teach thy Doctrine to the Damn'd in Hell!  
Where, by Black *Lucifer's* Destructive Pride,  
Thou may'st in part thy future Fate decide:  
Whilst from our City we thy *Imps* remove,  
To shake their Heels in some cold Field or Grove.  
Since both by Ours, and all Mens just Esteem,  
They're fitter to converse with Beasts than Men.

*A New Song on the Hellish Popish Plot; Sung  
by BELZEBUB, at a Merry-meeting of the  
Devils.*

## I.

Come Brother Devils, with full Bowls  
Let us refresh our thirsty Souls.  
If there be joy in Heaven when men repent;  
Why should not we  
As merry be,  
When thousands to our Regions are sent.

II. And

## II.

And first let's give unto *Christ's Vicar*  
 The *Supremacy* o'th' *Liquor*.  
 We'l drink his health, and may his Kingdoms  
 The farther he (grow ;  
 Extends his See,  
 The larger our Dominions are below.

## III.

Of Heaven and Hell Popes have the Keys,  
 And damn or save whom e'r they please:  
 'Tis sign they are our friends, if this be true;  
 They send to th' Skies  
 Their *Enemie*,  
 And let in here only their Popish crue.

## IV.

Next to our Friends the *Priests of Mass*,  
 A Bumper round about shall pass.  
 As many Profelytes to Hell they win,  
 As we trepan  
 In tempting Man.  
 By helping to *Indulgencies* for sin.

## V.

Before the day of doom, 'tis said,  
 We Devils must be bound and laid :  
 But if the Popish-Priests on earth may dwell,  
 from tempting wee  
 May well be free;  
 They'l do more harm than all the arts of Hell.

## VI.

Yet after death these Saints are made,  
And Divine honour to them's paid:  
To them for help the common people cry,

*Oramus vos,*

*Servate nos,*

Whilst in these flames they here tormented lye.

## VII.

But since the name of Saints they gain,  
Who for their Church have felt the pain  
Of transitory earthly fires; then sure  
Much more that name  
The Priests may claim,  
Who for their Church eternal flames endure.

## VIII.

Oft have I try'd the British-Land  
To re-inslave to *Romes* command  
If in that lesser World I had my hopes  
I'd sing *Old Rose*,  
And fuddle my Nose;  
The Universe should quickly be the Popes

## IX.

Early and late what pains I take  
For th'*Catholick Religion's* sake,  
Did they but know, me too they'd Canonize:  
My Cloven-foot  
And Horns they'd put  
Among those Reliques that they highest prize.

## X.

First to conspire, *Guy Faux* I mov'd  
 Though Fatal to himself it prov'd.  
 After that upwards to the firmament  
     It could not rent  
     The Parliament,  
 Him downwards to this place the Powder sent.

## XI.

And at this time to kill the King,  
 And Popery again to bring,  
 Many I've tempted; if i'th' first they fail,  
     A Counterplot  
     Still they have got,  
 I hope their next Attempt may yet prevail

## XII.

The *French* are ready to send o're  
 Their Armies to the *Brittish-shore*.  
 To set fresh forces on the English ground  
     I have again  
     Perswaded *Spain*,  
 Although in eighty-eight their strength it sound.

## XIII.

The English Papists too I'll Arm,  
 And they shall rise at the Allarm:  
 One blow these forces shall together joyn,  
     If *Charles* they kill,  
     I have my will,  
 Against the Protestants they shall combine.

## XIV.

How do I long to see that day,  
 When *Bibles* shall be took away,  
 And Popish Legends in their places laid;  
     When the Beads motion  
     Shall be devotion  
 And in an unknown tongue Prayers shall be said.

## XV.

With joy I think upon the time,  
 When Whoring shall be thought no crime;  
 When Monks and Fryers ev'ry place shall store.  
     When Marriage all  
     A sin shall call,  
 And Images for God they shall adore.

## XVI.

But by their own Accomplices  
 I hear that all detected is.  
 Th' impeached Traitors into Goal are thrown,  
     Their Arms are found  
     Hid under ground,  
 And all their Letters to the King are known.

## XVII.

Th' unwelcome news by *Staley* came,  
 Who hanſel'd Tyburn for the ſame.  
 With his own hand, had he been longer lived  
     In open day  
     The King to ſlay,  
*Raviliac*-like, he ſays he had contrived.

XVIII. O that



O that these puny Rogues I'd got.  
 That did relent and spoil the Plot :  
 If it were possible, more cruelty  
     I would Invent  
     Them to torment,  
 Than e're was exercis'd on *Godfery*.

But since we can't come at these men;  
 Let's swinge the rest for trusting them.  
 Each of you take his tort'ring instrument;  
     With Hangmans Noose  
     When Life they lose,  
 On the Conspirators our spleen wee'l vent.

In the mean while 'tis best I think,  
 To make an end of all our drink :  
 That when they're come, and in the height of pain  
     Their Teeth they gnash,  
     And Throats would wash,  
 Nothing to cool their Tongues may here remain.

*On the Burning of several Cart-loads of Popish  
 Books, at the Royal Exchange.*

**W**elcome blest day, that happily didst save  
 Our Church and Nation from a threatned  
 A day ! must never Marks of Honour want, (Grave :

Whilst

Whilst there survives one grateful Protestant ;  
 But in our *Callender* shall stand inrol'd  
 Through every Age, with Characters of Gold.  
 As once proud *Haman*, with a curs'd Decree,  
 Had sign'd God's Peoples general Destinie,  
 So cruel Factors now of *Hell* and *Rome*,  
 Resolv'd on *England's* universal Doom :  
 But Heaven's bright Eye Revea'd the Hellish Plot,  
 Which had it prosper'd boldly might have shot  
 At the Celestial Throne, put out the Sun,  
 And made the world back to its Chaos run,  
 Though deep as Hell they laid the black Designe,  
 Fate blasts their Projects with a Countermine :  
 And then the desperate *Undertakers* be }  
 Like *Haman*, sentenc'd to the fatal Tree : }  
 Thus *Pharaoh* perish'd, *Israel* scap'd free. }  
 And shall such *Mercies* ever be forgot ?  
 No, no-- Were we so thankless, they would not  
 Permit it ; whose *new Treasons* still we see  
 Revive their *Old ones* to our Memorie.  
 The *Cockatrice* on the same Eggs doth brood ;  
*Rebellion's* Venom is their natural food.  
*Rome's* Founder by a Wolf, ('tis said) was nurs'd,  
 And with his *Brother's* blood her walls at first  
 He cemented : whence ever since we finde  
 Her Off-spring of a *Ravenous*, *Bloody* Kinde.  
 Long since with *temporal arms* and flags unfurl'd }  
 She *Tyranny* o're Conquer'd Nations hurl'd }  
 And now with *spiritual thraldom* grasps the world. }

Sooner

Sooner the *Æthiop* may *blanch* his skin,  
 And Devils cease from tempting men to sin;  
 Sooner shall darkness dwell in the Suns beams,  
 And *Tyber* mix with our *Thames* Purer Streams,  
 Than the sly *Jesuit* his old arts will leave,  
 Or cursed nets of Treason cease to weave.  
 But now behold! methinks a gallant Sight.  
*Doctrines of Darkness* yonder brought to Light:  
*Boone-fires* in Earnest! where *Rome's Pamphlets* fry,  
 And *Papish Authors* pass their Purgat'ry.  
 Unto the Fire their Books most justly came,  
 Which first were wrote to set us in a Flame.  
 As in the Air the burning Papers flew,  
 We might in Emblem that *Religion* view,  
 Which makes a while a glorious glittering Blaze,  
 And with gay Pomp inviteth fools to gaze;  
 Pretends directly towards heaven to fly  
 On whings of flaming Love and Charity:  
 But waite a while, approach a little nigher  
 Its Glory fades, grows faint, and does Expire.  
 What at first view appear'd so warm and bright,  
 Like painted *Fires*, yields niether *Heat*, nor *Light*,  
 But Grose and Earthly down it comes again,  
 And with its *Blackness*, where't doth touch doth stain.  
 Was it for this the *Monk* in his dark Cell,  
 With nitrous Earth, and *Brimstone* stoln from Hell,  
 First compos'd Gun-powder, that it might be  
 The future Engine of their *Butchery*?  
 At one sad stroak to *Massacre* a Land, (stand)  
 And make them fall, whom Heaven ordain'd to  
 Or

Or could the *bold*, but *silly* Traytors hope,  
*Great Britain* e're would *Truckle* to the *Pope*?  
 Erect and *Lofty* still her *Genius* stands,  
 And *defies* all their *Heads*, and all their *Hands*.  
 Nor shall their *Strength* or *Policy*, e're reach  
 Our *ruine*, if our *Crimes* op'e not the *Breach*:  
 Still we are *safe*, till our *Transgression* merits  
 The dreadful *Reformation* from such *Spirits*.  
 They dig in *vain*, nor need our *Nation* fear  
*Dark-Lanterns*, whilst *God's* *Candlesticks* are *here*.  
 "The *Purple-Whore* may lay her *Mantle* by,  
 "Until our *Sins* are of a *Scarlet-dye*.

Lord! may they never to that *Bulk* proceed,  
 Nor *fester* so within, that we should need  
*Italian Horse-leeches* to make us *bleed*.  
 May *Reviv'd London* never more become  
 The *Priests* *Burnt-Offering* to *Insulting Rome*.  
 With *Guarding Mercies* still our *Sovereign* tender,  
 And be thou *His*, as *He's* thy *Faiths* *Defender*.

---

*The Catholick Ballad: Or an Invitation to  
 Popery. To the Tune of 88.*

Since *Popry* of late is so much in debate,  
 And great strivings have been to restore it,  
 I cannot forbear openly to declare,  
 That the *Ballad-makers* are for it.  
 We'l dispute no more then, these *Heretical men*  
 Have exposed our *Books* unto laughter,

So that many do say, 'twill be the best way  
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the *Catholick Cause*! now assist me my Muse,  
How earnestly do I desire thee!

Neither will I pray to St. *Bridget* to day,  
But only to thee to inspire me. (Rome?)

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholick  
I wonder much at your folly?

For Saint *Peter* was there, and left an old Chair,  
Enough to make all the World holy.

For this Sacred old Wood is so excellent good,  
If our Doctors may be believed,

That whoever sits there needs never more fear  
The danger of being deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up  
Though his Nature we know to be evil,

Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,  
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope?  
Which is a plain demonstration,

As clear as Noon-day, we are in the right way,  
And all others are doom'd to damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your eyes,  
Which are blinded with bad Education;

We have Arguments plenty, and Miracles twenty,  
Enow to convince a whole Nation. (bleed,

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host  
And if any thing can perswade ye,

An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak  
In the Honour of our Lady.

You

You shall see without doubt the Devil cast out,  
 As of old by *Erra Pater*;  
 He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear,  
 When he feels the Holy Water.  
 If yet doubtful you are, we have Relicks most rare,  
 We can shew you the Sacred Manger;  
 Several loads of the Cross as good as ere was  
 To preserve your Souls from danger.  
 Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,  
 But I spare you a little for pity,  
 That each one may prepare, and rub up his ear,  
 For the second part of my Ditty.  
 Now listen again to those things that remain,  
 They are matters of weight, I assure you,  
 And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away,  
 'Tis impossible else for to cure you.  
 O that pestilent Book! never on it more look,  
 I wish I could sing it out louder:  
 It has done men more harm, I dare boldly affirm  
 Than th' Invention of Guns & Powder. (saith,  
 As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church  
 But for Scripture, leave that to the Learned;  
 For these are edge-tools, & you Laymen are fools,  
 If you touch them you are sure to be harmed.  
 But pray what is it for, that you make all this stir?  
 You must read, you must hear, and be learned:  
 If you'l be on our part, we will teach you an Art,  
 That you need not be so much concerned.  
 Be the Churches good Son, and your work is half  
 After that you may do your own pleasure: done,  
 If

If your Beads you can tell, and say *Ave Mary* wells,  
Never doubt of the Heavenly Treasure.

For the *Pope* keeps the Keys, and can do what he  
And without all peradventure, (please,

If you cannot at the fore, yet at the back-door  
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first by the way, you must make a short stay  
At a place called Purgatory,

Which the Learned us tell, in the buildings of  
Is about the middlemost story. (Hell,

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace,  
In the torment on't long to endure :

None are kept there but Fools & poor pitiful Souls,  
Who can no ready money procure. (gon,

For a handsom round Sum you may quickly be.  
For the Church has wisely ordaind,

That they who build Crosses and pay well for Mass-  
Should not there be too long detain'd. (ses,

So that's a plain case, as the Nose on ones Face,  
We are in the surest condition, (Owls,

And none but poor Fools and some niggardly  
Need fall into utter perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye great and rich men,  
That you will not hearken to reason,

Since as long as y' have Pence, y' need scruple no of-  
Be it Murther, Adultery, Treason. (fence,

And ye sweet-natur'd Women, who hold all things  
My addressees to you are most hearty, (common,

And to give you your due, you are to us most true,  
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If

If you happen to fall, your Penance is small;

And although you cannot forgo it,

We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure

To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,

To those who affect the *French Nation*;

Hereby we advance the Religion of *France*,

The Religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail, (as how can they fail?)

To have Popery entertain'd,

You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,

What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small happi-

And again we shall see restored (ness)

The *Italian Trade*, which formerly made

This Land to be so much adored.

Othe Pictures and Rings, the Beads & fine things,

The good words as sweet as Honey,

All this and much more shall be brought to our

For a little dull *English-money*. (door,

Then shall Justice and Love, & whatever can move

Be restored again to our *Britain*.

And Learning so common, that every old woman

Shall say her Prayers in *Latin*.

Then the Church shall bear sway, & the State shall

Which is now lookt upon as a wonder, (obey,

And the proudest of Kings, with all temporal things

Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do

And have handled us with so much terror,

May



May chance on that score (tis no time to say more)

They may chance to acknowledge their error.

If any man yet shall have so little Wit

As still to be refractory,

I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass,

And so there's an end of a Story.

*A Continuation of the Catholick Ballad inviting to Popery; Upon the best Grounds and Reasons, that could ever yet be produced. To an excellent Tune, called, The Powder-plot.*

**F**rom Infallible Rome, once more I am come,

With a Budget of *Catholick Ware*,  
Shall dazle your Eyes, and your Fancies surprize,

To embrace a Religion so rare.

Oh! the Love and good Will, of his *Holiness* still,

What will he not do for to save ye:

If such Pains and such Art, cannot you Convert,

'Tis pity but Old Nick should have ye.

Now our *Priests* are run down, and our *Jesuits* a-

And their Arguments all prove invalid: (ground

See here he hath got, an unheard of New-plot,

To Proselite you with a Ballad.

Then lay by your Jeers, and prick up your Ears,

Whilst I unto you do display,

The advantage and worth, the Truth and so forth

Of the *Roman Catholick* way.

If you did but behold the Faith and the Gold,  
 Of which *Holy Church* is posselt;  
 You would never more stray, in the Heretical way,  
 But flie to her Lap to be blest.  
 The *Pope* is the Head, and doth *Peter* succeed,  
 ((Pray come away faster and faster)  
 He succeeds him 'tis true, but would you know how,  
 Tis only in denying his Master.  
 He's Infallible too, what need more ado,  
 And ever hath Truth in possession:  
 For though once Mob *Joan*, Ascended the Throne,  
 The same was no breach of Succession.  
 Our Church and no other, is the Reverend Mother  
 Of Christians throughout the whole Earth;  
 Though Older they be, perhaps far than she,  
 Yet they must owe unto Her their Birth.  
 Our Faith is so great, so sound and compleat,  
 It scorneth both Scripture and Reason;  
 And builds on Tradition, sometimes Superstition,  
 And oft-times Rebellion and Treason.  
 Our strict Purity, is plain to each eye,  
 That Catholick Countries view;  
 For there to suppress, the sins of the Flesh,  
*Sodomy* is in use; and the Stews.  
 Our Zeal has been felt, whereever we dwelt,  
 On all that our Doctrine deny:  
 If we have a Suspicion, we make Inquisition,  
 And straight the poor Hereticks fry.  
 In vain they may plead, or their Scriptures read,  
 We value them all not a Pin:

The

The best Argument, that we can invent,  
 Is with Fire and Sword to begin.  
 A most Godly way, whatever they say,  
 Since it their Salvation obtains, (knocks,  
 Makes them Orthodox, with blows and with  
 And hammers Faith into their Brains.  
 A God we can make, of a thin Wafer-Cake,  
 And eat him up when we have done:  
 But a Drop of the Cup, Lay-men must not sup,  
 For the Priest guzles that all alone.  
 We have terrible Bulls, and Pardons for Gulls,  
 Holy Water to Scar-crow the Devil;  
 With Consecrate Swords, take them on our words,  
 They shall make the Great *Turk* be civil.  
 We have Saints great store, and Miracles more,  
 With *Martyrs* a great many from *Tyburn*;  
 Pretty *Nuns* that dwell, mewd up in a Cell,  
 As chaste as Night-walkers of *Holbourn*.  
 We have Holy Blood, we have Holy Wood,  
 A Ship-load, or some such matter:  
 We have Holy Bones, and some Holy Stones,  
 Would make an old Ladies Chops water.  
 We have Holy Men, seen but now and then,  
 Monks, Abbots, and Capuchin Friars,  
 With Merits so great, they can buy one a Seat  
 In Heaven, or else they are Liars.  
 Then all you that would sure Salvation procure,  
 And yet still live as you list;  
 Do but mutter and pray, and say as we say,  
 And your Catholicks good as e're P——.

We are brisk and free, and always agree;  
 Allowing our selves to be jolly;  
 And the *Puritan* Tricks, of dull Hereticks.  
 We count but Fanatical Folly.  
 Swearing and Whoring, Drinking and Roaring,  
 All those are but Venial Transgressions:  
 The Murthering of Kings, and such petty things,  
 Are easily Absolv'd in Confession.  
 A little short Penance, doth wipe away Sin,  
 And there's an end of all trouble;  
 Which having dispatcht, you may fall to't agen,  
 And safely your Wickedness double.  
 Bring a good round Sum, Sins past and to come,  
 Shall presently be forgiven;  
 But this you must know, before you do go,  
 The Excize runs high upon Heaven.  
 For we have the Price, of every Vice,  
 Assesst at a certain Rate;  
 So near at a word, we do them afford,  
 Not a Penny thereof we can bate.  
 But if you're content, a while to be pent,  
 And in Purgatory purged;  
 A smaller Spell, shall preserve you from Hell,  
 And keep you from being scourged.  
 Though you have liv'd a Devil, in all kind of Evil  
 Bequeath but a Monastery,  
 And Angels your Soul, without Controul,  
 To *Abraham's* Bosom shall Carry.  
 Nor need you to fear, who have bought Lands dear  
 That were Holy Churches before;

We

We'l lend them for life, but for your Souls health  
At your Death you must them restore.

Thus Popery, you see, will kindly agree,  
If you will it but embrace.

But if you delay, there's so many i'th way,  
That you will hardly get a good place.

The Critical Time, is now in the prime,

See how Holy Mother does smile,

And spreading her Arms, to preserve you from  
So gladly would you Reconcile. (harms,

To which purpose behold, do but tell out your  
And all things in readiness be ; (Gold,

For the next Year, His *Holiness* (we hear)

Doth intend a Jubilee.

You that Pardons would have, or Indulgence crave,

To *ROME*, to *ROME* be trudging,

And do not contemn, good Advice from a Friend,

Nor take his Ballad in dudgeon.

*On ROME's Pardons, By the E. of R.*

**I**F *Rome* can Pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,  
And if those Pardons can be bought and sold,  
It were no Sin, to adore and worship Gold.  
If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,  
For Sins they may commit in time to come,  
And for Sins past ; 'tis very well for *Rome*.

At this rate, they are happiest that have most,  
 They'l purchase Heaven at their own proper cost :  
 Alas, the Poor ! all that are so, are lost.  
 Whence came this Knack, or when did it begin ?  
 What Author have they, or who brought it in ?  
 Did Christ e're keep a *Custom-House* for Sin ?  
 Some subtle Devil, without more ado,  
 Did certainly this sly Invention brew,  
 To gull'em of their Souls and Mony too.

---

*Written by Stephen Colledge, the day be-  
 fore he dyed.*

*Wrongful Imprisonment  
 Hurts not the Innocent.*

**W**Hat if I am into a Prison cast,  
 By Hellish Combinations am betray'd,  
 My Soul is free, although my Body's fast :  
 Let them Repent that have this Evil laid,  
 And of Eternal Vengeance be afraid ;  
 Come Racks and Gibbets, can my Body kill,  
 My God is with me, and I fear no Ill.  
 What boots the Clamours of the Giddy Throng ?  
 What Antidotes against a poysonous Breath ?  
 What Fence is there against a lying Tongue,  
 Sharpen'd by Hell, to wound a Man to Death ?  
 Snakes, Vipers, Adders do lurk underneath :

Say

Say what you will, or never speak at all,  
 Our very Prayers (such Wretches) Treason call.  
 But Walls and Bars, cannot a Prison make,  
 The free-born Soul enjoys it's Liberty ;  
 These Clods of Earth it may incaptivate,  
 Whilst Heavenly Minds are conversant on high,  
 Ranging the Fields of Blest Eternity :  
 So let this Bird sing sweetly in my Breast,  
 My Conscience clear ; a Rush for all the rest.  
 What I have done, I did with good Intent,  
 To serve my King, my Country, and the Laws,  
 Against the Bloody Papists I was bent,  
 Cost what it will, I'll ne're repent my Cause :  
 Nor do I fear their Hell-devouring Jaws.  
 A Protestant I am, and such I'll die,  
 Maugre all Death, and Popish Cruelty.  
 But what need I these Protestations make,  
 Actions speak Men far better than their Words:  
 What e're I suffer for my Country's sake,  
 Not Cause I had a Gun, or Horse, or Sword,  
 Or that my Heart did Treason e're afford :  
 No, 'tis not me (alone) they do intend,  
 But Thousands more, to gain their cursed Ends.  
 And sure (of this) the World's so well aware  
 That here it's needless more for me to say,  
 I must conclude ; no time have I to spare,  
 My winged hours fly too fast away,  
 My work (Repentance) must I not delay.  
 I'll add my Prayers to God, for *Englands* good,  
 And if he please, will seal them with my Blood.

O blessed God ! destroy this black Design  
 Of Popish Consults ; it's in thee we trust,  
 Our Eyes are on thee, help, O Lord ! in time,  
 Thou God of Truth, most merciful and just,  
 Do thou defend us, or we perish must :  
 Save *England* Lord, from Popish Cruelty,  
 My Country blest, thy will be done on me.  
 Man's Life's a Voyage, through a Sea of Tears,  
 If he would gain the Heaven of his Rest,  
 His Sighs must fill the Sails (whilst some men steers)  
 When storms arise, let each Man do his best,  
 And cast the Anchor of his hopes (opprest)  
 Till Time, or Death, shall bring us to that Shore,  
 Where Time nor Death, shall never be no more.

*Laus Deo : Amen.*

*From my Prison in the Tower,  
 Aug. 15. 1681.*

*S. C.*

---

**LONDON's Fatal-Fall: Being an ACRO-  
 STICK, &c. Written (as a Second Poeti-  
 cal Diversion) the 8<sup>th</sup> of September, 1666.**

L o ! now confused Heaps only stand  
 O n what did bear the *Glory of the Land*.  
 N o Stately Places, no Edfices,  
 D o now appear : No, here's now none of these,  
 O h Cruel Fates ! Can ye be so unkind ?  
 N ot to leave, scarce a Mansion behind.

*L et*



*L* et *England* then lament, and let her keep  
*A* dismal day, let every Soul to weep  
*T* o wash away those Sins, that thus provoke  
*E* ternal Heavens all-consuming stroke.  
*L* et Penitential Tears quench out the Fire  
*T* et reigning in our Lusts, let that expire.

*E*lse we can have no blessed Confidence,  
*N* or hopes in Heavens merciful Defence,  
*G* race is the best inducement too to move  
*L* ove from the *God of Mercies, God of Love,*  
*A* sighing Heart becomes this Tragedy,  
*N* ero's may laugh at it, so must not we.  
*D* on't soon forget this greatest Accident,  
*S* ince *Julius Caesar* enter'd into *Kent*.

*G* reatest of *Men* or *Cities*, now ye see  
*L* ay subject unto Heavens just Decree.  
*O* let us then be careful to prevent  
*R* eligiously, such future punishment.  
*T* esterday though not thought of, yet ye see

*N* othing to day but sad extremity;  
*O* bdurate Hearts might melt to see a flame,  
*W* hich made e'en Bells themselves to do the same.

*B* arbarians may weep to see a City  
*E* steem'd so much, destroy'd, (Ah pity! pity!)  
*C* onduits not now, but Gutters, ran with Wine.  
*O* ils also did unto the like combine.  
*M* ortality ne'er Men so fast did *now*,

'A s the consuming Flames did Housen now.

T roy's Flames were fatal, What did those begin ?

R ape was the cause of that, and that was Sin.

A nd we have *Hellen*'s too many, that

G od knows, our guilt (I fear) do aggravate.

I ncontinency's (in our sinful time)

C all'd by fond Man, a Failing, not a Crime;

K nowledge by Will is so dishgured,

S atan now as a Saint is worshipped.

T hen this it is, (We cannot but confes)

O btrudeth Judgments on our happiness.

R epent then, God will (if we *Sin no more*)

T ield us more Blessings unto those before.

A QUADRUPLE ACROSTICK  
on LONDON.

L-o! what a *Chaos* this unhappy *Fal* ———— L,

O-nly a dismal sight, and signs of W ———— O,

N-ow *Metamorphis'd*, *Ovid* writeth o ———— N

D-emocritus had wept too (doubtless) ha ———— D

O-nly *Melpomene*'s the *Singer* wh ———— O

N-ow each, a *Stoick* look too putteth o ———— N.

L-ends

L-end  
O-ffer  
N-o f  
D-cti  
O-rde  
N-oth

T  
Such  
Grie  
T  
T

H  
A b  
And

L-ends us instead of *Englands Capital*———L.  
 O-ffers our *Opticks* objects, Things are f———O  
 N-o such, nor to, but from, *Confusio*———N.  
 D-estiny rais'd an Object then so fa———D.  
 O-rders my *Muse*, and best becomes it to———O.  
 N-othing but *Clouds* appear, the Sun is go———N.

---

LONDON } { N } { O L O .  
*Anagram,* } { D } {

*The EXPLICATION.*

**T**Hough Now I am unwilling, wOes attend  
 Me, so I grieve by fOrce, Let Heaven send  
 Such Detriment no more, for nOW I find,  
 Grief will L aONE DepOse the Noblest mind,  
 Thus this will highest Spirits subjugate, (Fate.  
 They must (though most unwilling) yield to

*L O N D O N's Epitaph.*

**H**ere lies the *Flower* (as you may understand)  
 Not of a Family, but of a Land;  
 A beauteous L A D Y, Nations did her court,  
 And all the World unto her did resort:

She

She had a vast Estate (as may appear)  
 And many *Sisters*, but made none her Heir;  
 No, She (that they the more might sadly mourn)  
 Has all, consumed with her in her U R N.

But from those Ashes all her Sisters crys  
 Are, that another *PHÆNIX* yet may rise;  
 And all hopes are, Heaven yet will send  
 Unto'em such another in the End.

*Upon the Fifth of November.*

**H**Ail happy Hour, wherein that Hellish Plot  
 Was found, which, had it prosper'd, might  
 have shot

At the Celestial Throne; at whose dread stroke  
*Atlas* had reel'd, and both the Poles had shoke:

And *Tellus* (sympathizing in the woe)

Had felt an Ague and a Feaver too:

Hell-Gates had been set ope, to make men say,

Saint *Peter's* Vicar hath mistook his Key.

Methinks I see a dismal gloomy Cell,  
 The Lobby-Porch and Wicket unto Hell,  
 The Devil's Shop, where great had been his Prize,  
 Had he prevail'd to make his Wares to rise.

Say, gentle Drawer, were they Casks of Beer?

Or was old *Bacchus* tun'd and firkin'd there?

Nay, then the *Pope's* turn'd *Vintner*: Friends, behold  
 What mortal Liquor's at the *Mitre* sold!

Fire-

Fire-spewing *Ætna* with good Cause may fear  
That her Distemper springs from too much Beer :  
And old *Enceladus* may well confess  
That all his Belching's caus'd by Drunkenness.

Had wretched *Dives* begg'd a Drop of this,  
To allay his heat, the Fool had ask'd amiss:  
His hapless Rhet'rick might have done him wrong,  
'T would have tormented, not have cou'd his tongue.  
Had *Heber's* Wife but known this Trick of thine,  
She'd spar'd her Milk, & given the Captain Wine.

Strange, sure, had been th' Effects; it would have  
Our lawful King, and left the Pope instead. (Sped  
Right Drunkenness indeed, which, for a space,  
Steals Man away, and leaves a Beast in's place.  
'T had caus'd a general intoxication.

The stag'ring, nay, the Downfal of the Nation.

Oh murth'rous Plot! Posterity shall say,  
His Holiness o're-shoots *Caligula*.

The Pope by this and such Designs ('tis plain)  
Out-*Babels Nimrod*, and Out-butchers *Cain*.

About this time the brave *Monteagle*, whose  
Firm Love to his Religion rather chose  
To break the *Roman Yoke*, than see the Reign  
Of decess'd *Mary*, wheel about again,  
Receiv'd a Letter in a dubious sense,  
It seem'd a piece of *Stygian Eloquence*:

The Characters look'd just like conj'ring Spells;  
For this bout Hell here spoke in Parables.

The Pope's and Devil's Signets were set to't,  
Th Cloven *Mitre* and the Cloven *Foot*.

But

But shall our State by an unlook'd-for Blow  
 Receive a mortal Wound, and yet not know  
 The hand that smote her? shall she sigh and cry,  
 Like *Polyphemus*, Out is quench'd mine Eye?  
 Is *England* by the angry Fates sad Doom  
 Condemn'd to play at *Hot-cockles* with *Rome*?

No, Man of Myst'ries, no, we understand  
 Thy *Gibb'rish*, though thou art confounded, and  
 Have found thy meaning; Heav'n can read thy

Thus were our Senate like to be betraid (hand.  
 By a strange Egg which *Peter's* Cock had laid:  
 For had the servant hatch'd it, the Device  
 Had prov'd to us a baneful Cockatrice.

Now like proud *Haman* being stretch'd upon  
 The heightned Pegs of vain Ambition,  
 Above Pride's highest *Ela*, how he took  
 Poor *Mordechai's* advancement, and could brook  
 Hanging instead of Honouring; that Curse  
 Which made him set the Cart before the Horse:  
 Just such was *Faux*, his baffled hopes bequeath  
 No comforts now, but thoughts of suddain Death.  
 Like *Haman's* fate, he only could aspire  
 To be advanced fifty Cubits higher.

What *Phœbus* said to th' Laurel, that sure he  
 Said to the Gallows, *Thou shalt be my Tree*.

But didst thou think, thou mitred Man of *Rome*,  
 Whobellowest threatnings and thy dreadful Doom,  
 And like *Perillus* roarest in thy Bull  
 Curses and Blasphemies a Nation full,

At one sad stroke to *Massacree* a Land,  
And make them fall, whom Heaven ordain'd to  
stand. (turn

No, though thy head was fire and thou could  
Thy Ten Branch'd Antler to a Powder-horn ;  
Still we are safe, till our transgressions merit  
A Reformation from such a Spirit  
As comes from thence : our Nation need not fear  
Dark Lanterns, whilst God's Candlestick is here.  
The Purple Whore may lay her Mantle by,  
Until our Sins are of a Scarlet-dye.  
Those Horns alone can sound our overthrow,  
And blow us up, which blew down *Jericho*,  
*Christ* blest this Kingdom from intestine quarrels ;  
From Schism in Tubs, and Popery in Barrels.

---

*The DEVIL pursued : Or, The right Saddle  
laid upon the right Mare. A SATYR  
upon Madam CELLIERS standing in the  
Pillory, By a Person of Quality.*

**A** Las ! What has this poor Animal done,  
That she stands thus before the rising Sun,  
In all the heats of Infamy and Disgrace,  
The sure Remarks of a bold Brazen-face ?  
Truly for no great hurt, nor for much harm ;  
Only inventing to spill Royal Blood, to keep it  
warm ;

Fire

Fire Cities, Burn Houses, and Devast Nations;  
Ruine us in all our several Stations.

But who would think it from the Woman fine,  
A thing whom Nature it self hath made Divine,  
That she should act such horrid barbarous things,  
Asto design to stab Statesmen, and to Murder Kings?  
But here she still appears for her ill acts,  
Like second storms after Thunder-claps.

Philosophers tell us, *The best things corrupted are the worst,*

And from their own fine species are ever curst.

When once we take to Ill and Vices Road,  
We then paint our selves much like the Toad;  
Since Vice not only horrid is from the being of  
Nature, (feature.

But also from the thing it self, and from its own  
Who makes us look at once, and that several ways,  
Like *squinting people*; from their false *Optick Rays*.

This teaches us therefore how a strange a thing is  
Religion, (the other a *Widgeon*;

That makes one a *Vulture*, the other a *Raven*, and  
To be so very false, in the instructing those

To commit such horrid acts, and with them close:  
As what is opened and presented here,

By a Popish Midwife, called *Madam Cellier*.

Go to therefore, all ye *Papists* and Men of the *Red*  
Letter, (do much better

Would you but seriously consider of it, you would  
Than Plot such secret Villanies against the State,  
The direful operations of your ungodly hate.

On

On

O

Send

Asto

First

An

If th

To

The

(Exc

Met

In h

Of h

His

And

Not

But

Loss



*On the Murther of Sir EDMOND-  
BURY GODFREY of WEST-  
MINSTER: An hasty POEM.*

**O** Murder ! Murder ! let this Shreik fly round,  
Till Hills and Dales, and Rocks and Shores re-  
bound ;

Send it to Heav'n and Hell ; for both will be  
Astonish'd and Concern'd as much as we.  
First send to *Endor* where of old did dwell  
An Hag, could Fates of Kings and Kingdoms tell ;  
If that cannot be found, to *Ekron* go,  
To *Pluto's* Oracle and Hell below.  
There serve this *Hue and Cry*, for there 'twas hatch'd,  
(Except the Priests their Gods have over-match'd.)  
Methinks *Belzebub*, if he be out-done  
In his Grand Mysterics ; and *Rome* needs none  
Of his Black Arts, but can Out-Devil Hell,  
His Envy and Revenge this Plot should tell :  
And by disclosing in his own defence,  
Not only vindicate his Innocence,  
But hasten their destruction, and prevent  
Loss of his Trade, (the Jesuits intent)

D

Unless

Unless he fear them, as indeed he may ;  
 When once in Hell, none shall Command but  
 But if this Tragedy be all his own, (they.  
 And *Roman Actors* (taught by him) have shown  
 How they can play all parts he can devise ;  
 Female or Male, with or without disguise :  
 And need no *Cacodæmons* prompting Art  
 Or Whisper, but can fill up any part ;  
 Fast, Pray and Weep, Swear and Forswear, Decoy,  
 Trapan, Kiss, Flatter, Smile, and so Destroy,  
 Stab, Pistol, Poyson Kings, un-King, de-Throne,  
 Blow up or down, Save, Damn, make all their  
 Knows not he then, tho' Founder of the *Stage*, (own.  
 The Laws of *Theatres* in every Age.  
 That th' Actors, not the Author of the Play,  
 Do challenge the Rewards of the first day.  
 Make then their *names* renown'd, and come to hide  
 Such Children of thy Revels and thy Pride ;  
 Send to their Father, and thy eldest Son  
 That *Lucifer* of *Rome*, what feats they've done :  
 That he may make their names be understood,  
 Written in *Kalenders* of *Martyrs* Blood.  
 But if the Fiends below be Deaf and Dumb,  
 And this Conjuring cannot overcome ;  
 They and their *Imps* be damn'd together : I  
 To Gods on Earth will send my *Hue* and *Cry*.  
 Arise Just *Charles*, Three Kingdoms Soul and mine,  
 Great *James* thy Grandfather could well divine ;  
 And without Spell the bloody Riddle Spell,  
 Writ by like *Secretaries* of *Rome* and *Hell*.

And

And if Thy Proclamation cannot do,  
 We pray Gods Spirit may inspire Thee too.  
 If Thy Prophetick *Usher* did not err,  
 The *Mafs* would enter by a *Massacre*.  
 The Wounds Thy *Godfrey* found were meant for  
 And Thou ly'st Murder'd in *Effigie*. (Thee,  
 In Gods Kings Kingdoms Cause this Knight was  
 Let him a Noble Monument obtain; (slain,  
 Erected in your *Westminsters* great Hall,  
 That Courts of Justice may lament his Fall:  
 And may (when any *Papist* cometh near)  
 His Marble Statue yield a bloody tear.  
 Yet let him not be buried, let him lie,  
 The fairest Image to draw Justice by.  
 There needs no Balm or Spices to preserve  
 The Corps from Stench, his Innocence will serve.  
 Ye Lords and Commons joyn your speedy Votes,  
 A Pack of *Blood-Hounds* threaten all your Throats.  
 And if their Treason be not understood,  
 Expect to be Dissolv'd in your own Blood.  
 O Vote that every *Papist* (high and low)  
 To *Martyr'd Godfry's* Corps in person go;  
 And laying hand upon his wounded Brest,  
 By Oath and Curse his ignorance protest.  
 But Oh the *Atheism* of that Monstrous Crew,  
 Whose *Holy Father* can all Bonds undo:  
 Whose Breath can put away the heav'ist Oath;  
 Who fears no *Heaven* nor *Hell*, but laughs at both.  
 Therefore a safer Vote my Muse suggests,  
 For *Priests* and *Jesuits* can swallow Tests

As *Hocus Pocus* doth his Rope or Knife,  
 And cheats the gaping Farmer and his Wife.  
 Oh Vote each Sign-post shall a Gibbet be,  
 And hang a Traytor upon every Tree.  
 Yet we'll find Wood enough for Bone-fire-piles,  
 T' inlighten and inflame our Brittish Isles  
 Upon the approaching Fifth *November* night,  
 And make Incendiaries curse the light.  
*November* Fires *Septembers* may reveal,  
 One Burn (we say) another Burn will heal.  
 Lastly, And surely, let this *Hue and Cry*  
 Reach Heaven, where every Star looks like an Eye  
 To that High Court of Parliament above,  
 Whose Laws are mixt with Justice and with Love;  
 Whither Just *Godfry's* Souls already come,  
 And hath receiv'd the Crown of Martyrdom ;  
 Where Murder'd Kings and slaughter'd Saints do  
 Their Blood may never unrevenged lie. (cry,  
 Ye Saints and Angels hate that *Scarlet Whore*,  
 Whose *Priests* and *Brats* before your Shrines adore,  
 And in their *Massacres* your Aid implore :  
 Staining your Altars with the precious Gore :  
 Pour down your Vials on their Cursed heads,  
 And in Eternal flames prepare their Beds.  
 And Thou Judge Jesus Hang'd and Murder'd too, }  
 By Power of *Rome* and Malice of the *Jew*, }  
 In *Godfry's* Wounds Thine own to bleed anēw. }  
 Oh Rend Thy Heavens! Come Lord and  
 take Thy Throne,  
 Revenge Thy *Martyrs* and Thine own.

The

*The Loyal Protestants New LITANY.*

**F**rom the *Romish Whore* with her *Triple Crown*,  
 From the *Plot* she hath hatch'd, and her Babes  
 now disown,  
 Though they dy'd with a Lie in their Mouth is  
 well known.

*Libra nos Domine.*

From such as presume to speak ill of *Queen Bess*,  
 From a *Popish Midwife* in a Sanctified Dress,  
 Adorn'd with a *Wooden Ruff* for a Crest.

*Libra nos, &c.*

From *Judas* the Purse-bearers Protestant face,  
 From any more of his *Machiavel* race,  
 That henceforth may ever succeed in his place.

*Libra nos, &c.*

From a Doctor that durst prepare such a Dose  
 That would take a Protestant Prince by the Nose,  
 (Although it be spoken under the Rose.)

*Libra nos, &c.*

From a Papist that Curses the Catholick Whore,  
 Although in his Heart he the same do adore,  
 And still his contriving more Plots than before.

*Libra nos, &c.*

From a Jesuit drest up in Masquerade,  
 That understands his Blood-thirsty Trade,  
 That can neither by Justice or Mercy be laid.

*Libra nos, &c.*

From

From *Bumkin* and *Cit* that at random do range,  
 And for a Sham-Plot do true honesty change,  
 Though come off by the *LEE*, methinks it is  
*STRANGE*.

*Libra nos, &c.*

From such a hard Fortune as barely to write  
 But only for *Bred* from *Morning* till *Night*; (fright.  
 That would more than a *Crack-farts* Courage af-

*Libra nos, &c.*

From those that Sedition do dayly invent  
 To render a breach and gross discontent  
 Betwixt our Great King and Loyal Parliament.

*Libra nos, &c.*

From such as do dayly possess us with fears,  
 And yet at the same do prick up their ears,  
 Which care not which *Course* our *Council* now steers.

*Libra nos, &c.*

That the *Rhomish* Whore may bestript of her dress,  
 And cast in the Pit that is call'd Bottomless;  
 That her Plots, Loyal Subjects no more distress.

*Quiesmus te Domine.*

That Queen *Besses* Enemies run the same Fate  
 As lately they did in the last Eighty Eight,  
 May never one want to peep through a Grate.

*Quiesmus, &c.*

That the Purse-bearer *Judas* his Protestant face  
 May never resume his former high place,  
 Except for to fall in Eternal Disgrace.

*Quiesmus, &c.*

That

That the Doctor beyond Sea in spight of his skill,  
May never return, but keep close there still;  
Or else may he die by his own Poysonous Pill.

*Quesimus, &c.*

That Popish Curr in honest disguise,  
That Curses us all before he do rise,  
May his Plots be confounded though never so wise.

*Quesimus, &c.*

That such whose hands are still dipt in Blood,  
And intend to make second Noab's Flood,  
That all such may perish, and all of their Brood.

*Quesimus, &c.*

That such as do render the Plot for a Fable,  
And make it the talk of each Coffee-house Table;  
To enter Heaven Gates may they never be able.

*Quesimus, &c.*

That such as are forced to write but for bread,  
May be by the dayly Providence fed, (dead.  
Much rather than those who will Plot till they're

*Quesimus, &c.*

That Seditious Spirits may now be suppress'd,  
And that in true earnest, not only in Jest,  
That such may never more feather their Nest.

*Quesimus, &c.*

That those who do dayly possess us with fears,  
May fall themselves together by th' Ears;  
And quit us all from that Cloud which appears.

*Quesimus te Domine.*

---

*The JESUIT Jerk'd: A SATYR.*

**A**scend, *Alesto*, from thy Den, and come  
 Just as thou look'st in that Infernal Home,  
 Hell, Fury, Fire, my Fancy, for I have  
 More Cause than Poet e're had yet, to Rave:  
 Thou art my Muse, thy Snakes my Lawrels are,  
 Inspir'd by thee, I'll *Rome's* Intrigues declare:  
 Then to thy intermitted Task retire,  
 And pay the *Jesuits* their *Arrears of Fire*.  
 A *Jesuit* old *Satan's* Envoy is,  
 Sent to succeed the Snake of Paradise;  
 For when the fatal stroke of *Adam's* Loss,  
 Was healed by the Great *Theanthropos*,  
 And that first Argument of Hellish Power,  
 Was quite Confuted by a Saviour:  
 Then baffled *Lucifer* no answer had,  
 Till he a *Jesuit* his Rejoynder made,  
 By whom he hopes compleatly to renew  
 The Battel, and once more Mankind undo;  
 Plotting his Old Dominion to make good  
 By false Implicit Faith, or Fire and Blood:  
 That catches Fools, and These destroy the Wise,  
 Thus all Mankind are equally his Prize.  
 'Shut your Eyes close, believe me, and you'll see,  
 'Th' Ignatian crys the way t' Eternity:  
 'Deny all Reason, misbelieve your Sense,  
 'Church cannot erre, be that your Confidence:

' Pin



'Pin on your Sleeve your Faith, and tho' you'r  
 'Take but fast hold, and follow us behind; (blind,  
 'Our open Eyes the way for both will find.  
 This Wine and Wafer now are common Food,  
 But a few words shall make e'm Flesh and Blood;  
 And though they still the self same things appear,  
 Yet is Christ's very Blood and Body here:  
 Such plain Impostures, such bold Cheats as these,  
 Can surely none but Fools or Madmen please.  
 The Snake of Paradise play'd fairer far  
 With *Adam's* Wife, and more upon the square;  
 He call'd an Apple, Apple, bid her see  
 How fair the Fruit, desireable the Tree:  
 The *Jesuit's* tricks would ne're have ta'en with *Eve*,  
 She saw and felt before she did believe:  
 Besides he told her that 'twould make her wise,  
 But these the grossest ignorance advise.  
 And thus we lose our selves b' a greater cheat,  
 Than what the Devil us'd in *Eve's* Defeat:  
 Thus we our Sense and Reason lay aside,  
 To take an Old Ambitious Pope for Guide.  
 Thus we turn Stocks and Ideots, and then  
 Become good *Cath'licks*, ceasing to be Men;  
 As if the only way to save our Souls,  
 Were to be easie Slaves, or senseless Fools.  
 To all this fond Credulity we're hurld,  
 By slavish fears about a burning World;  
 So (to be sure) to feel no torment there,  
 First strip our selves of all our senses here.

Now

Now my *Aleto*, let's advance and view  
 The frauds that lurk under Religious shew;  
 For though to Heaven their fair pretences swell,  
 The root lies deep and dark, as is thy Cell:  
 No *Heathen Law-giver*, no *Pagan Priest*,  
 Could e're with such mysterious Wiles infect  
 The superstitious Multitude, for they  
 Are still most apt to fear they know not why;  
 No Cabalist of State could e're trapan  
 With such firm subtilty as *Rome's Divan*.  
 And First, lest *Holy Church* should chance to float  
 Without a last Appeal in endless doubt;  
 You must with dumb Obedience still repair  
 Unto *Rome's Holy Apostolick Chair*,  
 That, that's *Infallible* and cannot erre.  
 This bold Assumption keeps more in awe,  
 Than *Numa* with his feign'd *Egeria*;  
 For though it seems at point of Faith to aim,  
 'Tis to be uncontroulibly Supream,  
 Get universal Defence, and Create  
 A close dependance on the *Roman Seat*:  
 Branding on all damnable *Hereſie*,  
 That dare oppose the Apostolick See,  
 Or *Rome's Political Divinity*.  
*Rome's Doctrine* is a secular Device,  
 Mere trick of State in rev'rend Disguise,  
 Th' Ambitious Spawn of latter Centuries.  
 And tho' it proudly boast an ancient Line  
 From *Peter*, 'tis of basest Origine;

A Pri  
 gnora  
 These  
 And  
 How  
 Make  
 How  
 With  
 Who  
 in Foo  
 But sh  
 The r  
 Their  
 Feign  
 How  
 And a  
 How  
 Asyo  
 In tell  
 As the  
 But th  
 Trick  
 They  
 Traps  
 And  
 They  
 And  
 Oh!  
 They

A Priestly Brat, by them Ingendred on  
 Ignorance, Fear, and Superstition ;  
 These three compleatly make the *Triple Crown*,  
 And still support Old *Rome's* Imperial Throne.  
 How sily do the Priests by help of these  
 Make Men believe, and then do what they please ;  
 How solemnly they dazle vulgar Eyes  
 With fine mysterious Holy Vanities :  
 Whose Ceremonious Pomp strikes awful dread  
 In Fools that by their Eyes and Ears are led :  
 But should I here endeavour to declare  
 The num'rous Gimcracks of the Romish Fair,  
 Their mystick Idols, consecrated Bawbles,  
 Feign'd Miracles, and monstrous Holy Fables ;  
 How dead Saints Relicks cure the *Gout* and *Ptifick*,  
 And are like *Ægypt's Mummy*, us'd for *Physick*,  
 How they can scare the Devil with a stench,  
 As young *Tobias* did to get the Wench.  
 In telling this I might as tedious be,  
 As the return of their next Jubilee ;  
 But these are petty Trifles, petty Toys,  
 Tricks to catch Women, gaping Fools, and Boies ;  
 They have devices of a larger Size,  
 Traps to ensnare the Wary and the Wise.  
 And if you chance to boggle at the Bait,  
 They curse, and cry Damnation be your Fate,  
 And then you swallow it at any rate.  
 Oh ! what a melancholly dismal Story  
 They roar in dying Ears of Purgatory ;

That

That rather than the affrighted Wretch will burn  
 So long, he'll all his Gold to Masses turn.  
 Thus Ecclesiastick Chymists (you'd admire)  
 Make real Gold by a fictitious Fire.  
 Next extream Unction comes from whence the  
 Gets the most good by greasing in the Fist; (Priest)  
 But of all cheats that necessary are  
 Unto Salvation, Auricular  
 Confession bears the Bell, and seems to me  
 Next to Infallible Supremacy.  
 It wears a Holy Vail, but underneath  
 Is Shame and Slavery far worse than Death :  
 The Priest may tyrannize without Controul,  
 That knows the guilty secret of the Soul.  
 So when the Gentle Sex Confession makes  
 That they have often sinn'd upon their Backs,  
 How easily the Priest comes in for snacks,  
 And shrieves the pretty Pen'tent *Alamode*,  
 No trick like a *Jure Divino* Fraud.  
 Thus are their chiefest Doctrines plain Device,  
 Pimp to their Pride, their Lust and Avarice?  
 In Holy Apostolical Disguise.  
 In short, the whole mysterious Cheat doth lye,  
 In Superstition and Idolatry,  
 Two Spurious Grasses  
 Set in the Tree of Life, Religion,  
 By whose luxurious Branches 'tis o'regrown  
 To such a monstrous Disproportion;  
 That first the Planters would it quite disown.

Till but Religion like a modest Rural Maid,  
 No artificial Dress, no *Fucus* had,  
 But was in Native Innocency clad.  
 Till in *Rome's* Court she ceased to be such,  
 Thence sprang her Infamy and first Debauch;  
 (Priest) There laying plain simplicity aside,  
 She grew to lazie Wantonness and Pride:  
 Yet still some modesty confin'd her home,  
 Nor rambled she beyond the Walls of *Rome*;  
 Till proud of her successful Charms, she grew  
 Ambitious greatest Monarchs to subdue:  
 So by deceitful Arts sh' enlarg'd her Power,  
 And made them Slaves that she had serv'd before:  
 Then wisely some the Vassalage forsook,  
 Others repin'd, as weary of the Yoke;  
 She jealous left her Universal Sway  
 Should lessen, and her former Faine decay;  
 Amongst others, did the Schoolmens Pen employ  
 To vindicate her Truth and Honesty,  
 Schoolmen who ransack Sciences and Arts,  
 To prove with pains that they are Fools of parts)  
 To these her Honour justify'd in Words,  
 As Bully *Jesuits* Plot to do with Swords;  
 But both in vain, for 'tis concluded on,  
 Their Mistress is the *Whore of Babylon*.  
 Shift, shift the Scene, *Aleto*, Fury, Fiend,  
 Wake all thy Snakes and make this Tragick End;  
 By Hellish Art raise up in dark Cabal,  
 The *Pope*, a *Jesuit*, and *Cardinal*:

Thy self place in the middle raving Wood,  
 With Poysons, Pistols, Daggers, Fire and Blood.  
 Now let this Scene start into sudden sight,  
 By gloomy Flashes of sulphureous Light ;  
 There let his Holiness's Face appear,  
 Full of deep Counsel, weighty thought, and care,  
 Whilst each of you in awful silence hears  
 The sacred Oracle with humble Ears.  
 Was it for this my ample Power was giv'n,  
 For this have I the Keys of Hell and Heaven ?  
 In vain I boast of a Supremacy,  
 And call my Chair the Universal See :  
 A little Nest of Hereticks cut off  
 From *Europe's* Earth, at all my power doth laugh  
 Who though they kindly could decline to be  
 A Bar to ballance Gallick Tyranny,  
 Yet still oppose my Holy Monarchy.  
 False Agents Heartless Traytors, have you  
 So often swore by Sacramental Vow,  
 Or to Convert this Island, or undo ?  
 Was your Commission scant, did I deny  
 Plenipotentiary Villany ?  
 Have not I null'd Divine and Humane Laws,  
 That without Let, you might promote the Cause  
 Heaven's Laws, though fix'd by an Eternal Seal,  
 Stoop and are liable to my Repeal.  
*Moses* once broke these Tables, often I,  
 Not to prevent, but fix Idolatry.  
 Thus had your large Commission no restraint,  
 Nor did you Apostolick Blessing want ;

Nay  
 For  
 So  
 Sure  
 So N  
 T' A  
 Be g  
 If th  
 Mak  
 And  
 The  
 They

On t

A

To  
 On  
 TH  
 Le  
 That

Fal'n

Nay more the blackest Crimes in you were Merit,  
 For which all others endless Flames in herit:  
 So Treasons, Murders, Perjuries, became  
 Sure Monuments of your Eternal Fame;  
 So Nature's Course was chang'd, yet nothing's done  
 To Advance the Catholick Religion.  
 Be gone, Slave, fly, Delude with crafty Words,  
 If they prove vain, use Poyson, Fire, and Swords;  
 Make better work on't, or I swear by th' Mass,  
 And the Divinity of Holy Cross——  
 These chance unlucky Words broke all the Spell,  
 They vanish, and *Aleto* sunk to Hell.

---

On the Murther of Sir EDMONDBURY  
 GODFREY.

Are these the Popes Grand Tools? (Fools  
 Worshipful Noddies! Who but blund'ring  
 Would ever have forgot  
 To Burn those Letters that reveal'd their Plot;  
 Or in an Ale-house told that *Godfrey's* Dead,  
 Three Days before he was Discovered;  
 Leaving the silly World to call to mind  
 That Common Logick, *They that hide can find*;  
 But see their Master Pollicy  
 on *Primrose* Hill,  
 Where their great Enemy  
 Like *Saul* upon *Mount Gilboa* doth lye,  
 Fal'n on his Sword, as if he himself did Kill.

But

But oh, the Infelicity ! (wound,  
That Blood was fresh, and gush't out of the  
This so congeal'd that not one spot was found:  
No, not upon his Sword, as if it wou'd  
Tell us 'twas guiltless of its Masters Blood;  
Some Carkasses by bleeding do declare,  
This by not bleeding, shews the Murtherer.

But to its broken Neck I pray

What can our *Politicians* say? (way.

He Hang'd, then stab'd himself, for a sure }  
Or first he stab'd himself, than wrung about }  
His Head for madness, that advis'd him to't;  
Well *Primrose*, may our *Godfrey's* Name on  
(Like *Hyacinth*) inscribed be: (thee  
On thee his Memory shall flourish still,  
(Sweet as thy Flower, and lasting as thy Hill;)

Whilst blushing *Somerset* to her  
Eternal shame, shall this Inscription bear:  
The Devil's an Ass, for Jesuits on this spot  
Broke both the Neck of *Godfrey*, & their Plot.

---

*A Passionate SATYR upon a Devillish Great  
He-Whore that lives yonder at ROME.*

**A** Pox on the Pope, with his damn'd bald Pate,  
What a stir hath this Toad made here of late;  
Such a Noise and a horrible Clamour  
Is here with this Whore, a *Plague of God* on her.

Must



Must the Kingdom and State be at a loss,  
 Leave their sweet Peace to lye under a Cross?  
 Must Church and Church-men be expos'd to scorn,  
 Tost up and down by a Beast with Ten Horns?  
 Must Christians that know no more but one God,  
 Worship Ten Thousand, or be scourg'd with a Rod?  
 Must Beads, and a Cross, and a Relick from *Jone*,  
 Make us fall down to Prayers right or wrong?  
 Must *Hobgoblin Mass*, that's learn'd of *Old-Nick*,  
 Complement God for the Well and the Sick?  
 Must Water blest'd by a Conjuring Monk,  
 Scoure away Sins from a Pockyfi'd Punk?  
 Must Souls be pray'd out, the Devil hath got,  
 At so much *per Mass*, else there they must rot?  
 Must Sinners be sav'd by Old Sinning Gulls?  
 I'll ne're beg your Pardon, those are damn'd Bulls.  
 Must We, *Canibal*-like, eat up our God,  
 Or else must We not in Heaven have aboard?  
 Must Fire and Wood burn all that won't bow,  
 Worship *S. Doll*, and the Devil knows who?  
 Must Ignorance be our Guide to Glory,  
 Then Heaven I'm sure is but an Old Story.  
 Must all Men be blind that open their Eyes,  
 That Priests may do what they please with their  
 Must killing of Kings, and Princes to boot (Wives)  
 Be Marks that the Pope is found at the Root?  
 Must a Conclave of Rogues, and Jesuit Priests,  
 Perswade all the World to Worship the Beast?  
 Must the Pope order all by Sea and by Land,  
 Who must turn out, and who is to stand?

E

Must

Must those be intrusted that swear and receive  
 What e're you impose, that they may deceive?  
 Must *Judas* be saved that eat of the Sop?  
 No, by the Mass, he deserved the Rope:  
 Must such be employed at Sea and at Shore,  
 That would subvert all to set up the Whore?  
 Must those be good that designed to seem such?  
 Who in Parliament time subscrib'd to the Church:  
 Must We all be undone by a damn'd Popish Crew,  
 Some that is about us, and some We ne're knew?  
 Must the King and his Friends see and know this,  
 And yet be advised that nothing's amiss?  
 Must this be the Trap, then the Devil take it,  
 Our Hogs We've brought to a blessed Market.

---

*Upon the Execution of the late Viscount*  
 S T A F F O R D.

I.

S Hall every Jack and every Jill,  
 That rides in State up *Holbourn* Hill  
 By aid of *Smithfield* Rhymes defie  
 The Malice of Mortality?  
 And shall Lord *Stafford* dye forgot?  
 He that would needs be such a Sor,  
 To dye for love of a damn'd Plot?  
 No, *Viscount*, no; believe it not.

*Diana's Temple*, all in flame,  
 Advanc'd th' Incendiaries Name;  
 Ruffians, and Bauds, and Whores, and Thieves,  
 In Ballad Records live new lives:  
 And shall a Lord because a Traytor,  
 In such an Age so given to flatter,  
 Want that which others, Saints to him,  
 Ne're want to fame them, Words and Rhime.

Oh Sir! the Papishes, you know  
 Have much more gratitude than so;  
 For this same Lord that brake the Laws  
 Of God and Man, to serve their Cause,  
 Shall live in Prayers, and Almanacks  
 Beyond what Ballad-Monger makes;  
 And some Years hence, you'll see, shall work  
 Such Miracles, would turn a *Turk*.

Blest is that Man that has a Box  
 To save the Saw-dust in, that sokes  
 His tainted Blood, or can besmeare  
 One corner of his Muckinder:  
 Oh! then, some Ages hence they'll cry  
 Lo, *Stafford's* Blood, and shed for why?  
 For nothing but because he fought  
 To kill his Prince, and sham the Plot.

Now they that dye for crimes like these,  
 The Papists send to Heaven with ease:

For they secure 'em safe from Hell,  
 Which once believ'd, the rest is well.  
 A strange Belief, that Men should think  
 That were not drunk with worse than Drink;  
 That such Rewards as Deifying,  
 By Treason should begain'd and Lying.

## VI.

The Man that for Religion dyes,  
 Has nothing more before his Eyes :  
 But he that dyes a Criminal,  
 Dyes with a load, and none can call  
 Religion that which makes him dream,  
 Obduracy can hide his shame.

## VII.

The Pope may do what he Conjectures  
 As to the business of his Pictures,  
 The Colours ne're can hide the Crimes,  
 Stories will read to after Times.  
 And 'twill be found in the Hangman's Hands,  
 Will strangely blur the Pope's Commands.

## VIII.

Had he but shewed some *Christmas Gambles*,  
 And Headless took *St. Denis Rambles* :  
 The Plot had been a damnable thing,  
 And down had gon the Scaffolding ;  
 But 'cause his Lordship this forgot,  
 Men still believe there is a Plot.

## IX.

Where was *St. Dominick* asleep ?  
 Where did *St. Frank* his Kennel keep ?

That

That on a business so emergent,  
 They did not brisly teize the Virgin?  
 To let his Lordship play a Prank  
 Her Grace becoming, and his Rank?

## X.

But they that Heaven and Earth Command,  
 You see sometimes they're at a stand;  
 For truth to tell ye, should the Saints  
 Be bound to hear all Fools complaints;  
 Their Lives would be as void of mirth  
 In Heaven, as formerly on Earth.

## XI.

Now Ballad-wife before he's dead,  
 To tell ye what the Sufferer said;  
 He both defended, and gain-said,  
 Held up his hands and cry'd, and pray'd,  
 And swore he ne're was in the Plot,  
 No, by his Vicountship. God wor.

## XII.

Come, come, Sir, had it not been better  
 To have dy'd to Death common Debter?  
 And that upon your lasting Stone,  
 This Character had been alone?

*Here lies a very Honest Lord,*

*True to his King, true to his Word.*

## XIII.

But those of your Religion,  
 Are now a days so damn'd high flown,  
 You think that nothing makes a Saint  
 But Plot refin'd, and Treason Quaint;

And Heaven accepts no Offerings,  
But Ruin'd Kingdoms, Murdered Kings.

## XIV.

Now you that knew who were his Judges,  
Who found him Guilty without grudges,  
Who gave him over to the Block,  
And how he sham'd to save the stroak,  
If you believe the Speech he made ye,  
*Le'st strange, and P—ton's shame degrade ye.*

## XV.

Thus us'd all Arts that could cajole,  
You may be sure, his silly Soul;  
And were those promises perform'd,  
With which his Conscience they had charm'd,  
Who would betray a Cursed Plot,  
To be when Dead, the Lord knows what?

## XVI.

But if those jolly Promises  
Do send thee into *Little Ease*,  
As certainly they must undo thee,  
What ever Fools and Knaves said to thee;  
Then *Phlegens* like in Hell condole,  
And Curse them that betray'd thy Soul.

## XVII.

Now God preserve our Noble King,  
And bleſs all them that thus did bring  
Unto the Block that silly Head,  
That can do what it did or said.  
And all good Men may Heaven defend,  
From ſuch a vile untimely End.

*The*

*The Lord STAFFORD's Ghost, &c.*

**F**ROM *Stygian* shade, lo, my pale Ghost doth rise,  
 To visit Earth, and these sublunar Skies;  
 For some few moments I'm in Mercy sent,  
 To bid my Fellow-Traytors to Repent :  
 Repent before you taste of Horrid Fate,  
 Your Guilt confess, before it be too late.  
 I am not here arriv'd on Earth, to tell  
 The hidden secrets that belong to Hell :  
 Nor am I sent to publish or declare,  
 Who are tormenters, whom tormented there.  
 For now I know that it is Heavens decree,  
 These things to Mortals still shall secrets be ;  
 Who have fantastick Dreams, and nothing know,  
 Of what is done above, or yet below :  
 But I have seen with my Immortal Eyes,  
 Things that with horror do my Soul surprize ;  
 Too late alas ! too late, I see my Sin,  
 With strange *Chymers* I've deluded been,  
 By a curs'd brood, who sounded in my Ear,  
 Dye obstinate, no Chains of Conscience fear :  
 Upon us firmly let your Faith be built,  
 We can and do Absolve you from your Guilt ;  
 And after this, you need no more Repent,  
 For you a *Martyr* dye, and Innocent.  
 O Cursed Men ! who on Wretches thus Intrude,  
 And thus poor Souls, Eternally delude :

Whilst

Whilst they believe what these deluders say,  
 Life is snatch'd from them, and they drop away ;  
 And falling down, by *Charon* Death they're hurl'd  
 Into the Mansions of a dismal World,  
 Where Conscience stands, and stares them in the  
 Shewing a Table of Eternal Brais: (face,  
 In which in noted Characters are wrot  
 Their whole lifes crimes, which living they forgot.  
 With Conscience these have an Eternal strife,  
 And Curse the vain delusive Dreams of Life :  
 With torment now their crimes read o're and o're,  
 And waking, see they did but Dream before :  
 Too late; and than too late, what Plague is worse ?  
 They see their folly, and themselves they Curse ;  
 They Curse themselves, because they did believe,  
 And doubtly Curse those who did them deceive.  
 When to the fatal Scaffold I was brought,  
 I said, and did what I was bid, and laught,  
 Tho' Conscience said, I did not what I ought. }  
 Stoutly the Guilt, as I was bid, deny'd,  
 And for the Cause, I *Rome's* great *Martyr* dy'd.  
 I that Religion then esteemed good,  
 And gladly would have seal'd it with my Blood, }  
 Because I then no better understood.  
 Let not the World to vain delusions flye,  
 I did for Treason, not Religion, dye.  
 Tho' on the Scaffold I would not confess,  
 My Ghost, alas! too late can do no less.  
 Let all Complotters warning take by me,  
 The World we may delude, but God doth see ;  
 Tho'



Tho' what we did should never come to light,  
 It can't be hid from the Almighty's sight :  
 Give God the Glory, and confess your Crime,  
 Confess your horrid Treason while you've time ;  
 Publick Confession shews you do Repent,  
 And is the best way to grow Innocent.  
 I see too late, I have been led astray,  
 And by Error, far from Truth, was led away ;  
 For that Religion never can be good,  
 That would erect it self by Humane Blood.  
 I pin'd my self upon anothers sleeve,  
 And blindly I did as the Church believe ;  
 What my delusive Guides did bid me do,  
 That I believ'd was Holy, Just, and True.  
 With Zeal I acted, and hop'd for Applause,  
 Of Men and Heaven, in so good a Cause :  
 But Oh ! I sigh, and now my Airy Ghost,  
 Shivers to think what Blessings I have lost :  
 The broadway to Destruction then I took,  
 And Vertues Road my blinded Zeal mistook.  
 But you my Friends, who yet are left behind,  
 Now to your selves, and to your Souls be kind ;  
 Open her Eyes, and be no longer blind,  
 Pry my sad End, do you your Errors find.  
 Confess your Crimes before it be too late,  
 Confess, confess, before you yield to Fate :  
 Before from Life, and from the World you go,  
 Before that you descend to Shades below,  
 Before your Souls taste of Eternal Woe.

Truth

Truth cannot Dye, it stronger is than Death,  
 Remains when Mortals have resign'd their breath  
 To amazed Souls with Conscience she appears,  
 To aggravate, and to encrease their fears.  
 Confess her while you live, though drawn to Sin,  
 Repentance with Confession doth begin.  
 Believe no longer that accursed Brood,  
 Who on the Necks of Kings have proudly trod,  
 Nor him who thinks himself an Earthly God.  
 Those Hectoring Jesuits who so Zealous be,  
 Who think to Rule the World by Policy;  
 Who to the Gallows seem with joy to come,  
 To be the *Martyrs*, and the *Raints* of *Rome*.  
 When Life is fled, and they are gon from hence,  
 In tumbling down are waked into Sense;  
 Where all amaz'd, and wondring where they've  
 They howl, and cry, and wish to Dye agin. (bin,  
 Beware I say, be fool'd no longer here,  
 For *Rhadamanthus* is a Judge severe.  
 Hark ! I am call'd, I must descend below,  
 But let me *Propheſie* before I go:  
 See the bright Star which o're your Heads doth  
 I can as well as *Gadbury* Divine; (shine,  
 What the bright stream of Radiant Light doth  
 Which every Night so frequently is seen. (mean,  
 Hear me, O *Rome* ! though in your Cause I dy'd,  
 Nigh is the setting of your Pomp and Pride:  
 That Star doth shew, that day is near at hand,  
 That *Rome* no longer shall the world command,  
 And many Years it hath not now to stand.

By

Bytha  
 The B  
 Whic  
 That  
 When  
 Everl  
 And  
 Then  
 And

The C  
 Pl  
 Ha

Fitz  
 Whic  
 I have  
 That  
 Whe  
 I Bog  
 Whe  
 The  
 Tho  
 Had  
 But w  
 Inoro  
 I a da  
 'gain

By that bright stream, which still points to the East,  
 The Everlasting Gospel's Light's exprest:  
 Which just is breaking forth, and doth bespeak,  
 That its most Glorious Day's about to break;  
 When *Peace*, and *Truth*, and *Righteousness* shall }  
 Everlasting Pillars set in every Land, (stand, }  
 And Christ in Power alone the world command. }  
 Then shall the world shine with Eternal Glory,  
 And Perhaps, may then leave *PURGATORY*.

*The Ghosts of Edward Fitz Harris, and Oliver Plunket, who were Executed at Tyburn for High Treason, &c.*

*Fitz Harris.* I Groan and Languish to Relate  
 My Countries present Case and State,  
 Which now lies under pressures great.  
 I have been in my time a Thing,  
 That would have done ought 'gainst the King,  
 Whereby I Popery in might bring.  
 I Boggled not Shams to devise,  
 Whereby to charge upon (with Lies)  
 The *Presbyterians* Plotting Guise.  
 Tho' they in Truth for ought I knew,  
 Had naught under design or view  
 But what was Loyal, Just, and True.  
 In order this *Sham-Plot* to vent,  
 I a damn'd *Libell* did invent,  
 'gainst both the King and Government.

*Plunket.*

*Plunket.* Tush, Fellow *Martyr*, Tush I say,  
 You do what misbecomes your way,  
*Rome's* Plottings if you do betray.  
 For what Man ever think you, got  
 A Pardon for being in the Plot,  
 That to the last deny'd it not?  
 Or ever heard you was there one  
 That was o'th *Roman* Church a Son,  
 But went on as he had begun?  
 D'ye think you ever sav'd shall be,  
 If you retract not what you say,  
 And Holy Church don't justify?  
 I as a Priest pronounce you damn'd,  
 You shall be into Hell now Cram'd,  
 If you persist in things forenam'd.  
 And there in endless Torments lye,  
 Whilst all our Rogueries I deny,  
 And thereby into Heaven fly.

*Fitz.* If Heaven Sir, you think to win,  
 By persevering in known Sin,  
 You will I doubt fall into th' Gin.  
 For if one Crime that unrepented  
 Be damnable, how you've prevented  
 Your Fate I know not, but contented  
 Am, that you should a Papist dye,  
 And so by telling many a lye,  
 To Heav'n reach, but I, Poor I,  
 Will make a free and true discov'ry  
 Of what I know at large or by  
 Of this vile Plot which I decry ;

Most

Most H  
 truly f  
 ve don  
 for now  
 comes f  
 kept up  
 for else  
 Our Fr  
 Toth' v  
 wond  
 God's  
 To ju  
 And th  
 The C  
 Tho't  
 I do co  
 For sei  
 In Vil  
 My Ju  
 Being  
 No, n  
 Twas  
 For th  
 Of m  
 Whe  
 To th  
 For C  
 And  
 And  
 All P

y, Most Heartily confessing, that  
 truly sorry am, for what  
 we done, t'advance the *Romish* Plot.  
 for now at last I plainly see  
*Romes* Religion's damn'd *Herese*  
 kept up, and carryed on by Cursed Cruelty.  
 for else how comes it pray about,  
 Our Friends to'th Cause have been so stout  
 Toth' very last, to brave it out?  
 wonder how you durst presume,  
 God's Sacred Name in Mouth t'assume,  
 To justifie your Lyes, and *Rome*.  
 And thereby weakly to keep up  
 The Credit of your damn'd Pope,  
 Tho't cost you Hell for't, and a Rope.  
 I do confess I justly dye  
 For serving you and Popery,  
 In Villanies I Blush to say.  
 My Judges freely I forgive,  
 Being one no way deserv'd to Live,  
 No, nor the grace of a Reprieve.  
 Twas favour great indeed, I think,  
 For th' King to give me, on the brink  
 Of my sad Fate, time e're I sink.  
 Wherein I reconcil'd might be  
 To the enraged Diety,  
 For Crimes against His Majesty.  
 And might my Countries danger tell,  
 And what had surely it befell, (*Viz.*)  
 All Protestants that therein dwell.

Oh!

Most

Oh ! that this time allotted me,  
 Whereon depends my Eternity,  
 May tend to extirpate Popery.  
 May I therein do all such things,  
 As may Attone the King of Kings,  
 Which is the thing true comfort brings.  
 And likewise warn poor *England* yet,  
 In this dark day, ere it be too late,  
 To avoid both *French* and Popish State.  
 And may it, as one Man, oppose  
 It self to Ruin by its Foes,  
 And strive to save it self from Threat and Woes.  
 May now my Soul lie down in Peace,  
 And ne're hereafter may it cease,  
 To praise the God of Infinite Grace.

*Pl.* What long Harangues, Sir, have you made  
 You've made me by'em quite afraid,  
 To Persevere in what I said.  
 I do confesse likewise, that I  
 Concern'd was much i'th Villany,  
 For which I am Condemn'd to Die.  
 And that from Popish Treachery,  
*England* was like Reduc'd to be.  
 To *French* and *Romish* Tyranny.  
 But this I always took for Truth,  
 That what comes out o'th' Churches Mouth,  
 Is Oracle from *North* to *South*.  
 And when I knew the Church had given  
 Power to go on with the Old Leaven,  
 I thought it surely come from Heaven.

But now I doubt I was mistaken,  
 And fear *Rome* Babel will be shaken,  
 If *England* throughly awaken.  
 I am in Truth in doubt, we shall  
 E're long receive a lasting fall,  
 Ne're more to vex the World at all.  
 And though I Dye o'th' Church of *Rome*,  
 Yet I believe those things will come  
 Upon her, which will be the Final Doom.

*Fitz.* Sir, If you do these things Believe,  
 Your self you wretchedly deceive,  
 If that you quickly don't receive.  
 The Protestants Religion's good,  
 Which I almost Conform to cou'd,  
 But for my having sought their Blood.

*Pz.* If then Sir, you are not convinced  
 Which is the Right, pray do not mince it,  
 But leave to Time for to evince it.  
 And let us heartly both joyn,  
 And in our Prayers now combine,  
 I'th' words of the ensuing Line.

*Both.* May God long Bless the King, we Pray,  
 And all Plots'gainst him still bewray,  
 Popish and Factionous, and let all Men say

*Amen.*

*The*

*The Answer of Coleman's Ghost, to H. N's.*  
**POETICK OFFERING.**

**R**ise *Nevil*, Rise and do not punish me,  
 With the vain sight of your Idolatry.  
 You may with equal Reason call upon  
 The good Saint *Icarus* or *Phaeton*,  
 Who do the Sacred Name deserve as far,  
 As some who blush in *Roman Kalendar* :  
 With like Ambition I design'd to know  
 No other Triumphs but of things below ;  
 And rather labour'd how there might be given,  
*French Crowns*, postponing all the *Crowns* of Heaven.  
 Favour'd in this, because kind Heaven declines  
 My high Intrigues, and baffles my Designs.  
 None with more covetous Zeal pursu'd our Cause,  
 Or sell a more due Sacrifice to Laws.  
 In that sad day when strangled Life expir'd,  
 And the just flames my bloody Limbs requir'd,  
 Whilst my hot Soul in hasty flight retires,  
 From *Tyburns* only *Purgatory* Fires.  
 Immortal shapes crowd on in Troops to view,  
 My Plotting Soul and stopt me as I flew,  
 Such Spirits who Incarnate ever mov'd  
 In their By-Paths, and never quiet lov'd.  
 The Cunning *Machiavel* drew near and fear'd,  
 Screek'd at the sight of me and disappear'd.

Shewing

Shew  
 Wh  
 Scyll  
 Pity  
 Sigh  
 And  
 Fierc  
 To w  
 How  
 In di  
 Grea  
 That  
 To C  
 Yet b  
 From  
 Spirit  
 Than  
 He to  
 If Ro  
 And  
 Whe  
 Al  
 In th  
 Not  
 As U  
 Infus  
 Heav  
 Your  
 Ther  
 Nor



Shewing how weak all human Plots are laid,  
 Where Hopes and Souls have always been betray'd.  
*Scylla* and *Marinus* wondring at our Crimes,  
 Piry'd the near misfortune of our times,  
 Sigh'd at those streams of blood which were to run,  
 And curst our Tables of Proscription.

Fierce *Cataline* our Villany decry'd,  
 To whom the bold *Cethegus* soon reply'd,  
 How New *Rome* imitates and yet exceeds  
 In dire Conspiracies our puny deeds!

Great *Cæsars* Ghost with Envy lookt on me,  
 That for *Romes* sake I aim'd at more than he,  
 To Conquer all the Isles of *Britanny*,  
 Yet blam'd the Cruelties which were to come,  
 From that Dictaor which now reigns at *Rome*.  
 Spiritual Dictator? who more controuls  
 Than he, and claps his Fetters on our Souls?  
 He told me old *Romes* Walls had longer stood,  
 If *Romulus* had spar'd his Brothers blood  
 And that *Romes* happiness grew always worse,  
 When it resembled the fierce Wolf its Nurse.

Ah, my good Friend, how clearly do I find,  
 In this new State the faults of human kind.  
 Nothing procures so high a place above,  
 As Universal Charity and Love,  
 Infus'd and manag'd by the Heavenly Dove }  
 Heav'n is quiet Kingdom which we call  
 Your injur'd Scriptures true Original,  
 There no false Comments on the Text appear,  
 Nor must *Trents* Swurious Council domineer.

Sometime with me, dear *Nevel*, you must grant,  
 The Church Triumphant to be Protestant.  
 If against them on Earth *Romes* Malice thrives,  
 'Tis not *Romes* Cause prevails, but their ill Lives.  
 So *Babylon* of old vext *Israel*,  
 And wicked Men raise Enemies from Hell.

As once on Earth I did your good attend,  
 So now for Love I am your Ghostly Friend:  
 Let your Soul hate all bloody ways and things,  
 To subvert States and Laws, to murder Kings.  
 Or you are sure to equal my disgrace,  
 And without Mercy you may name your place.

*A Dialogue between the POPE and the TURK,  
 Concerning the Propagation of the Catholick  
 Faith.*

P O P E.

**H**Ail mighty *Monarch*! by whose aid  
 I hope I shall subdue,  
 And for the future make afraid  
 The whole *Heretical* Crew;  
 You will both wise and grateful prove  
 While you with me combine,  
 Who always have shew'd you my love,  
 And now your good design.

T U R K.

What mean these ambiguities  
 With which to me you come?

Is th' Oracle of doubtful lies  
 From *Delphos* gone to *Rome*?  
 Your kindness I ne're understood,  
 Whatever you pretend  
 To him, to whom you ne'er did good,  
 How can you be a Friend?

P O P E.

Ungrateful Man! do you forget  
 How I did once betray  
 The *Grecian-Empire*, which as yet  
 Your Scepter doth obey?  
 I did the *Greeks* to *Florence* call,  
 And kept them there with me:  
 And you were Master made of all,  
 Before we could agree.

T U R K.

This manifests your wickedness  
 And makes your cause yet worse;  
 I see no reason you to bless,  
 Though *Greece* hath cause to Curse:  
 You prove your Treachery indeed,  
 But not your love to me,  
 You'd ne're have helpt me in my need,  
 If they'd submitted t'ee.

P O P E.

I think I stood your Friend (good Sir)  
 When *James* did aspire:  
 I both did keep him Prisoner,  
 And poyson'd him for hire;

Then against *France* 'twas I did send  
 For your victorious Arms,  
 With promise that I would defend  
 Your Kingdoms from all harms.

## T U R K.

Two Hundred Thousand *Florens*, when  
 You did my Brother's work,  
 You had : The Benefactor then  
 Was not the *Pope* but *Turk*;  
 'Tis true, me once you did invite  
 Your int'rest to advance;  
 Not cause you lov'd me, but for spite  
 Against the King of *France*.

## P O P E.

Though still Ingratitude you pay  
 For kindnesses good store,  
 If you'll be rul'd, Ple on you lay  
 One obligation more :  
 Ple raise your Empire yet so high,  
 That you shall straitway yield  
 That I pull down, and only I  
 Do *Monarchies* rebuild.

## T U R K.

For all your talk, I still do fear  
 That while you make a pother,  
 And with one hand pretend to rear,  
 You pull down with the other :  
 But what is't now that I must do,  
 My Kingdoms to extend ;

That I may see at last that you  
Are really my Friend?

P O P E.

Why first I'll give you all those Lands  
That 'gainst me do Rebel,  
Go take them strait into your Hands,  
I've curst their Kings to Hell;  
I freely to the King of *Spain*  
The *British* Islands gave:  
He wanted strength those *Isles* to gain,  
Which I am sure you have.

T U R K.

You're generous Sir, and at one word  
Great Territories grant,  
Which if Men gain not by the Sword,  
They must for ever want:  
So while you Saintship give to some,  
And frankly Heaven bestow,  
I doubt (what ere's decreed at *Rome*)  
Their Portion is below.

P O P E.

Whether Heav'n and Hell are in my gift  
I do not greatly care,  
(Let learned Men those Questions sift)  
sure earthly Kingdoms are;  
I can from antient deeds declare  
What pow'r belongs to me:  
The greatest Kings are what they are  
By my Authority.

T U R K.

I've often heard what Tricks you use  
 To help you in your needs,  
 Sometimes you do the World abuse  
 With forged Books and Deeds:  
 Sometimes you Kingdoms give away  
 (As now you do to me)  
 Hoping that thus obliged, they  
 Your Vassals still will be.

P O P E.

If I your Benefactor be,  
 I hope you won't think much,  
 (When I've rais'd you to high degree)  
 To Honour me as such:  
 If *Universal Monarchy*  
 You do receive from me,  
 The *Universal Pastor* I  
 May be allow'd to be.

T U R K.

I understand your kindness now,  
 Me thus you will advance,  
 If unto you I'll cringe and bow,  
 And after your Pipe dance;  
 Then you'll unto me be so kind,  
 That you will crack your brain,  
 Some place i'th' *Alcoran* to find,  
 That shall your Pride maintain.  
 This Honour more you'll on me heap.  
 Whenever I you meet,

That

That on my Knees I strait must creep,  
 To Kifs your Worships Feet.  
 When ere your Pride I do oppose,  
 You'l curse me strait to Hell ;  
 My Subjects too shall ne're want those  
 Shall stir them to Rebel.  
 You still unto me plagues will send  
 As you have done to others,  
 From *Priests* I must my self defend,  
 Worse than aspiring Brothers:  
 Where you set foot no Prince is free,  
 But strait must be your slave,  
 Good Sir, pray cease to treat with me ;  
 I other busines have.

On Sir John Oldcaste, Lord Cobham, who  
 suffered December 1417.

**R**OMES old new fraud in *Cobhoms* Fate we view;  
 The *Hereticks* must still be Traitors too ;  
 All Popish *Sham-plots* are not hatch'd of late  
 Long since thir Int'rest enli'd in the State ;  
 For *God*; and for the *King* the Prelates cry'd  
 But only meant thir own *Revenge* and *Pride*.  
 Had the fly *Meal-tub* sadg'd, or Irish Oathes  
 Been Jury-proof, old Churches hated Foes  
 Ere now, had been *Old-Castled*, Hang'd and Burn'd;  
 And Loyalst Patriots into Rebels turn'a.

But Midwife time at last brings Truth to light,  
 For after Death each Man receives his right.  
 Then sleep, brave Hero! till last Judgments day }  
 Raisins to Glory thy twice martyr'd Clay }  
 Romes Malice, and thy Innocence display }

*Ignoramus : a Song. To the Tune Law lies a bleeding.*

[ 1 ]

Since Popish Plotters,  
 Join'd with Bog-Trotters, (ters,  
*Sham Plots* are made as fast, as Pots are form'd by Pot- Gross  
 Against these Furies  
 There no such Cure is,  
 \*As what our Law provides, our True and Loyal Ju-  
 The Action and Paction (ries.  
 That breeds our Distraction,  
 Is secretly contrived by the Popish Faction.  
 Who sham us and flam us,  
 Trespan us, and damn us,  
 And then grow enraged when they hear Ignoramus.

[ 2 ]

Traytors are rotten,  
 Yet not forgotten,  
 Nor Meal Tub Devices, which never well did cotten,  
 At evr'y Season  
 Inventing Treason, (Reason  
 And Shams that none believed that had or Sense or And  
 With



[ 73 ]

With fetches and stretches,  
These notorious Wretches  
Would get loyal Subjects into their bloody clutches.  
*They sham us, and flam us, &c.*

[ 3 ]

If wicked *Tories*  
Could pack their *Furies*, (Stories  
That would believe black, white, and all their lying  
Then by Art *Stygian*  
*Whig's* prov'd a Widgeon, (Religion.  
And should be hang'd for plotting against the *Popes*  
They'd hear a, and swear a  
Thing that was a meer a  
Gross Lie as e'r was told, and find it *Bella vera*.  
*Then sham us and flam us, &c.*

[ 4 ]

This **IGNORAMUS**,  
For which they blame us,  
And to the pit of Hell, so often curse and damn us,  
Are Men by Tryal.  
Honest and Loyal,  
And for their King and Country ready are to die all,  
They show it and vow it,  
Honest Men to know it,  
Their Loyalty they hold, and never will forgo it.  
*They sham us and flam us, &c.*

[ 5 ]

At the *Old-Baily*  
Where men don't dally (Staley,  
And Traytors oft are try'd, as *Coleman, Whitebread,*  
Was

Was late Indicted,  
 Witnesses cited, (ed  
 A loyal Protestant, who spight of Rogues was right  
 Offences commences  
 'Gainst all Mens Senses,  
 'Cause the honest Jury believed not Evidences.  
*They sham us and flam us, &c.*

[ 6 ]

For which a Villain  
 Who for ten Shilling  
 To hang a Protestant shall be found very willing.  
 Now at this season  
 And without reason, (Treasor  
 Shall call the Jury Traytors, and the Law make  
 In fashion is passion,  
 Curses and Damnation, (station  
 How quiet should we be, were Rogues sent to their  
*They sham us, and flam us, &c.*

[ 7 ]

'Las what is Conscience  
 It h' Jesuits own Sence. (offence  
 For the Church one may lie, and forswear without  
 Now what a Lurry,  
 Keeps barking Tory,  
 'Cause he is not able the Innocent to whorry !  
 Doth wrangle and brangle,  
 'Cause he cannot intangle,  
 Nor bring honest Tony to the Block or Triar gle. When  
*They sham us and flam us, &c.*

[ 75 ]

8

(ed  
s right-  
es.  
lling.  
reason  
make  
tation.  
o their  
ffence  
ithout  
!  
gle.  
8. M

I'll tell you what, Sir  
You must go Plot, Sir,  
And get better Witnells e'r wise men go to pot Sir,  
When such abettors,  
*Protestant* haters (ed Traytors;  
Would damn their souls to hell to make them wick-  
We mind it and wind it,  
And are not now blinded,  
For what we now reject, no honest *Jury* le find it,  
*They sham us and flim us,*  
*They ram us and dam us,*  
When according to the Law, we find *Ignoramus*.

---

A S O N G.

[ 1 ]

A Pox on *Whigs* we'l now grow wise  
let's cry out guard the Throne,  
By that we'l damn the *Good Old Cause*,  
and make the Game our own :  
Religion, that shall stoop to us,  
and so shall Liberty,  
We'l make their Laws as thin as *Lawn*,  
*such Tory Rogues are We.*

[ 2 ]

When once that Preaching Whining Crew  
are crush'd and quite undone,

The

[ 76 ]

The Poor we'l banish by our Laws,  
and all the rest we'l burn.  
Then *Abbey-Lands* shall be possess'd  
by those whose right they be,  
We'l cry up Laws, but none we'l use,  
*such Tory Rogues are We.*

[ 3 ]

The Name of *Protestant* we hate,  
the *Whigs* they know it well,  
And since we can't it longer hide  
let's Truth genteely tell.  
Now Dam me is good Manners grown,  
and tends to Gallantry,  
We'l S——the Nation out of Doors,  
*such Cursed Rogues are We.*

[ 4 ]

What care We for a Parliament,  
no Mony comes from thence,  
Would they but give us Coyn enough,  
we'l spend the Nations pence.  
These Two-penny States-men all shall down,  
a goodly sight to see,  
To finish all, we'l plunder 'um too,  
*such Sons of Whores are We.*

[ 5 ]

We'l build more Universities,  
for there lies all our hope,  
And to th' *Crape Gown* we'l cringe and creep  
supposing 'twere a Pope;

ay what  
if true  
and wh  
*such T*

What P  
or ch  
We'l ta  
and P  
Then h  
come  
Drown  
*such*

These C  
to gi  
And ye  
thou  
For thi  
But  
Are bo  
*such*

When  
we'l  
And t  
'twi  
When  
our  
Then  
for

Sa

ty what he will we'l him believe,  
 if true or false it be,  
 and while he prays we'l Drink his Health,  
*such Tory Rogues are We,*

What Pimping *Whig* shall dare controule,  
 or check the Lawful Heir,  
 We'l take the Rascal by the Pole,  
 and Pox of all his Hair.

Then here goes honest *Jame's* Health,  
 come drink it on your Knee,  
 Dzowns we'l have none but honest Sonls,  
*such Tory Rogues are We.*

These Crafty *Whigs* are subtle Knaves  
 to give them all their due,  
 And yet we bauk'd the Popish Plot,  
 though they had sworn it true.

For this you know who we may thank,  
 But *Mum* for that, yet we  
 Are bound to pray and praise him for't,  
*such Tory Rogues are We.*

When all these Zealous *Whigs* are down,  
 we'l drink and fall a roaring,  
 And then set up the *Tripple Crown*,  
 'twill Saint us all for Whoreing.

When we have quite inflav'd 'um all,  
 our selves cannot be free,  
 Then prithee Devil claim thy own,  
*for they to it have e.*

We'l

We'l chuse their Sheriffs and Juries too  
 and then pretend 'tis Law,  
 We'l bring more *Irish* o're to swear  
 'gainst those they never saw :  
 We'l seize their Charters then they must  
 come beg 'um on their Knee,  
 If this won't do we'l call the *French*,  
*such cursed Rogues are We.*

---

*On the Death of the P L O T.*

**A** Las! what thing can hope Death's Hand to  
 ('scape,  
 When Mother-Plot her self is brought to Crape ?  
 The teeming *Matron* at the last is Dead ;  
 But of a numerous Spawn first brought to Bed ;  
 The little Shamms, Abortives, without Legs,  
 (She laid, and hatch'd, as fast as Hens do Eggs.)  
 But they no sooner peep'd into the Light,  
 Than they kick'd up, and bid the World good  
 The *Bantlings* dyed always in their Cradle, (night,  
 And th' Eggs, tho' kept in Meal-Tubs, still prov'd  
 She liv'd to see her Issue go before her, (addle.  
 And some made *Tyburn-Saints* who did adore her.  
 But what is strange, and not to be forgot,  
 The Plotters liv'd to see the Death of Plot :  
 And O——if now he will his Credit save,  
 Must raise thee up like *Lazarus* from the Grave.

Men,

Men,  
 Thee  
 Well  
 For  
 For  
 And  
 Who  
 Now  
 But  
 And  
 But  
 To  
 The  
 And  
 Let  
 Wh  
 And  
 Acc  
 I do  
 Of a  
 But  
 As i  
 But  
 Old  
 A Pa  
 An l  
 A M  
 A m  
 A ve  
 Wh

Men, who their Sences have, do more than think  
 Thee dead, when it is plain thou now do'st stink.  
 Well fare thee Dead ; for living thou mad'st work,  
 For *Heathen*, *Jew*, for *Christian*, and for *Turk*,  
 For *Honest Men*, and *Knaves*, for *Wise*, and *Fool*,  
 And eke for many a witless, scribbling *Tool*;  
 Who now sit mute, pick Teeth, and scratch the  
 Now th' *Idol-Mother-Plot* of *Plots* is dead. (Head,  
 But loath these are to believe News so sad,  
 And swear they think that all the World are mad :  
 But blame them not for being so much vext,  
 To lose the *Uses* of a gainful Text.  
 These swear she's in an *Epileptick* Fit,  
 And P—— will bring her out of it.  
 Let them think on, and their dear selves deceive,  
 When I shall see her rise, I will believe,  
 And not before ? In the mean time from me,  
 Accept, for her, this slender *Elegy*.  
 I do confess she does deserve the Rhimes  
 Of all the ready Writers of the Times:  
 But with wet Eyes they do in silence mourn,  
 As if they'd drown the Ashes in her Urn.  
 But here she lies whom none alive could paint,  
 Old Mother Plot, the Devil and the Saint.  
 A *Popish-Protestant*, *Hermophradite*,  
 An hidden piece that none could bring to Light.  
 A Mother, and a Monster rare, who had  
 A numerous Issue, and without a Dad ;  
 A very strange, and an unnatural Elf, (self;  
 Who hatch'd, brought forth, and then eat up her  
 Who's

Who's Dead, and stinks, yet whole, and will not  
 Was, is not now, yet ne're shall be forgot.  
 An uncouth Mystery of a Medley Fame,  
 A Plot, a *Mother-Plot* without a Name.

# FINIS.

---

Books Printed for *John How*, at the Sign of the  
*Seven Stars*, at the South-West corner of  
 the *Royal Exchange*, in *Cornhil*.

**T**He *Present State of London*.

The *Protestant School-Master*, being plain and  
 easy Directions for Spelling and Reading *English*,  
 and an Account of all the Plots, Treasons, Mur-  
 ders and Massacres, committed by the Papists, on  
 the Protestants in most Countrys in *Europe*, for  
 near 600 Years.

*Catastrophy Mundi*, or *Merlin Reviv'd*, with  
 Mr. Lilly's *Hiroglyphicks*.

*Romes Follies*, or the *Amorous Fryars*: a Play.

*Sin in Distress*, or the *Groans of the Protestant-  
 Church*.



l not

# P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

*Written by the E. of R. Dr. Wild  
and others of the Choicest  
Modern Wits.*

and  
glish,  
Mur-  
on  
for

---

## THE SECOND PART.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John How*, at the Seven Stars at the  
South-West Corner of the Royal Ex-  
change in *Cornhill*, 1683.

P

W

Who  
Even a  
The M  
Of Pe  
Some v  
Carve

## Dr. WILD's Poem,

*In nova fert Animus, &c.*

OR,

## A New Song

TO AN

## OLD FRIEND

From An

## OLD POET,

Upon the Hopeful

## New Parliament.

**W**E are All tainted with the *Athenian* Itch,  
 News, and new Things do the whole World

(bewitch,

Who would be Old, or in Old fashions Trade?

Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid:

The Modest of both Sexes, buy new Graces,

Of Perriwigs for Pates, and Paint for Faces.

Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and some

Carve a new Nose out of an aged Bum.

Old *Hesiod's* gods Immortal Youth enjoy :  
*Cupid*, though blind, yet still goes for a Boy ;  
 Under one Hood Hypocrite *Janus* too,  
 Carries two faces, one Old, th' other New.  
*Apollo* wears no Beard, but still looks young ;  
*Diana*, *Pallas*, *Venus*, all the throng  
 Of Mules, Graces, Nymphs, look Brick and Gay,  
 Priding themselves in a perpetual *May* ;  
 Whiles doting *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Proserpin*,  
 At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin ;  
 The very Furies in their looks do twine  
 Snakes, whose embrowdered skins renew their shine ;  
 And nothing makes Great *Juno* chafe and Told,  
 But *Joves* new Misses slighting her as Old.  
 Poets, who others can Immortal make,  
 When they grow Gray, their Laurels must forsake ;  
 And seek young Temples, where they may be Green ;  
 No Palsie hand, may wash an *Hypocrene* ;  
 'Twas not Terse Clarret, Eggs, and Muscadine,  
 Nor Goblets Crown'd with Greek or Spanish Wine,  
 Could make new Flames in Old *Ben Johnson's* Veins,  
 But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid strains :  
 His *New Inn* (so he nam'd his youngest Play,  
 Prov'd a blind Ale-house, cry'd down the first Day :  
 His own dull Epitaph--- *Here lies Ben Johnson*,  
 (Half drunken too) He Hickcup't--- who was once one.  
 Ah ! this sad once one ! once we *Trojans* were ;  
 Oh, better never, if not still we are.  
 Rhymes of Old Men, *Illick* passions be,  
 When that should downward go, comes up we see,  
 And

And  
 Whe  
 The  
 Sir,  
 To f  
 A 7  
 Or a  
 Of a  
 O. a  
 As a  
 Sh  
 N  
 Shou  
 Whe  
 And  
 Such  
 By  
 Joy  
 And  
 Each  
 Shou  
 If no  
 To ch  
 It is  
 That  
 Galli  
 But  
 Yet  
 That

And

And are like *Jews-Ears* in an *Elder-Tree*;  
 When *Spectacles* do once bestride the *Nose*,  
 The *Poet's* *Gallop* turns to *Stumbling Prose*.  
 Sir, I am *Old*, *Cold*, *Mould*; and you might hope  
 To see an *Alderman* dance on a *Rope*,  
 A *Judge* to act a *Gallant* in a *Play*,  
 Or an *Old Pluralist* Preach twice a day;  
 Of a *Thin Taylor* make a *Valiant Knight*,  
 Or a good subject of a *Jesuite*;  
 As an *Old Bald-pate* (such as mine you know)  
 Should make his *Hair*, or *Wit* and *Fancy* grow;  
 Nor is there need that such a *Block* as I  
 Should now be hew'd into a *Mercury*.  
 When *Winter's* gone, the *Owl* his foot may spare,  
 And to the *Nightingales* resign the *Air*.  
 Such is the beautiful new face of things:  
 By *Heavens* kind *Influences*, and the *Kings*,  
 Joy should inspire; and all in measures move,  
 And every *Citizen* a *Virgil* prove.  
 Each *Protestant* turn *Poet*; and who not  
 Should be suspected guilty of the *Plot*;  
 If now the day doth dawn, our *Cocks* forbear  
 To clap their *Wings* and *Crow*, you well may swear,  
 It is their want of *Loyalty*, not *Wit*,  
 That makes them *fullen*, and so silent sit.  
*Galls* of *Gallick* kind---Me say no more,  
 But that their *Combs* are *Cut*, and they are *fore*;  
 Yet to provoke them, my *Old Cock* shall *Crow*,  
 That so his *Eccho* round the *Town* may go.

# Upon the new Parliament.

**M**Y Landlord underprop't his House some years,  
 Was often warn'd-- 'T would fall about his Ears;  
 For the main Timber, That above, and under,  
 By every Bläſt was apt to rend aſunder.  
 This year He gently took all down, and then  
 What of the Old proy'd ſound, did ſerve agen.  
 May all the New be Heart of *Engliſh* Oak,  
 And the whole Houſe ſtand firm from fatal ſtroke,  
 And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke.  
 My *Grandam*, when her Bees were old and done,  
 Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun;  
 And in one year ſhe found a greater ſtore  
 Of *Wax* and *Honey* than in all before.  
 Variety and Novelty delights;  
 Old Shooes and Mouldy Bread are *Gibeonites*.  
 When Cloaths grow thread bare, & breeds Vermin too,  
 To *Long-Lane* with them, and put on ſome new :  
 Wh. n Wine turns Vinegar--- All Art is vain,  
 The World can never make it Wine again.  
 'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breäſt ;  
 And Chaſe thoſe fowls, that do beſowl the Neſt.  
 When *Nolls* Noſe ſound the Rump began to ſmell ;  
 He dock't it, and the Nation lik'd it well.  
 Caſt the old-mark't and greazy Cards away,  
 And give's a new Pack, elſe we will not Play ;  
 Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork to eat !  
 Good Landlord give's freſh COMMONS for our Meat.

*Trent*

*Trent* Council Thirty years lay sows'd in pickle,  
Until it prov'd a stinking Conventicle.

And now Old *Rome* plays over her old Tricks,  
This *Seventynine*, shall pay for *Sixty-six* :

Out of the Fire, like new refined Gold,

How bright new *London* looks above the Old !

All Creatures under Old Corruptions groan,

And for a New Creation make their moan :

The *Phoenix* (of her self grown weary) dyes

Unto succession a burnt-Sacrifice :

Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worse Kites,

And they blind Buzzards (as Old *Pliny* Writes) ,

Deans, Prebends, Chaplins think themselves have wrong,

When *Bishops* live unmercifully long ;

And poor *Dissenters* beg they may ascend

Into a Pulpit from the Tables end.

And who hath not by good experience found

Best Crops are gained by new-broken ground.

And the first seed---OATS sifted clean and sound ?

But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I prize :

Old *Tyburn* take them who do otherwise :

Heaven Chase the Vulture from our Eagles Nest,

And let no Ravens this *Marsh*-Brood molest ;

*Another.*

**B**reak, Sacred *Morn*, on our expecting Isle,  
 And make our *Albion's* sullen *Genius* Smile;  
 His Brightest Glories let the Sun Display,  
 He Role not with a more important Day  
 Since *CHARLES* Return'd on his Triumphant way:  
 Gay as a Bridegroom then our Eyes he drew,  
 And now seems Wedded to his Realms anew:  
 Great Senate, hast, to joyn your Royal Head,  
 Best Council by the best of Monarchs sway'd:  
 Methinks our Fears already are o're blown,  
 And on our *En'mies* Coast their Terroure thrown.

Darlings of Fame, you *Brittish Bards* that wrote  
 Of Old, as warmly as our Heroes fought,  
 Aid me a bold Advent'rer for the Fame  
 O'th' *British State*, and Touch me with your Flame;  
 Steep my rude Quill in your diviner Stream,  
 And raise my daring Fancy to my Theam.  
 Give me th' Heroick Wings----- to Soar as High  
 As *Icarus* did, I would like *Icarus* Die!

Now I behold the bright Assembly Met,  
 And 'bove the Rest our Sacred Monarch Set,  
 Charm'd with the dazzling Scene, without a Crime,  
 My Thoughts reflect on th' *Infancy* of Time,  
 And wrap me in *Idea's* most Sublime.  
 I think how at the new Creation, Sate  
 Th' Eternal Monarch in his Heaven's fresh State;  
 The *Stars* yet wondring at each others *Fires*,  
 And all the Sons of Glory Rankt in Quires.

Hail

Hail,  
 The Con  
 The Fir  
 And by  
 As V  
 And in  
 Convey  
 And fa  
 Our Se  
 And in  
 Shall de  
 And in  
 Justice  
 In Peac  
 From F  
 And Pr  
 Degree  
 Dues,  
 Proc  
 Nor to  
 But to  
 From Y  
 Expect  
 You F  
 They c  
 And  
 A War  
 To cru  
 And fil  
 Yet let  
 From V



Hail, awful Patriots, *Peers by Birth*, and you  
 The *Commons*, for high Vertues, Noble too!  
 The First by *Heav'n*, in this Assembly plac'd,  
 And by *Heav'n's Voice*, the Peoples *Votes*, the Last.

As Various Streams from distant Regions fall,  
 And in the Deep their general Council call;  
 Conveying thence Supplies to their first Source,  
 And fail not to maintain their rowling Course:  
 Our Senate thus, from every Quarter call'd,  
 And in compleat Assembly here Install'd,  
 Shall deal their Influence to each Province round,  
 And in our *Isle* no Barren Spot be found.

*Justice* as plenteous as our *Thames* shall Flow,  
 In Peace the Sailer Steer, and Peasant Plow.  
 From Foreign wrongs safe shall our *Publick* be,  
 And *Private Rights* from Home Oppressors free:  
 Degrees observ'd, Customs and Laws obey'd,  
 Dues, less through *Force*, than *Fear of Scandal* paid.

Proceed, brave Worthies then to your Debates;  
 Nor to Decree alone our Private Fates,  
 But to Judge Kingdoms and dispose of *States*.  
 From You their Rise, or Downfall, they assume,  
 Expecting from our *Capitol* their Doom;  
 You Form their Peace and War, as You approve  
 They close in Leagues, or to fierce Battel move.

And though the Pride of *France* has swell'd so high  
 A Warlike Empire's Forces to Defie,  
 To crush th' United Lands Confed'rate Pow'r,  
 And silence the loud *Belgian Lion's* Roar;  
 Yet let their Troops in *Silent Triumph* come  
 From Vanquish'd Fields, and *Seal* their Trophies home,

Take

Take care their Cannon at *Just Distance* Roar,  
 Nor with too near a *Volley* rouse our *Shore*;  
 Left our disdaining Islanders Advance  
 With Courage taught *long since* to Conquer *France*,  
 Seizing at Once their Spoils of many a Year,  
 And Cheaply Win what they oft bought too *Dear*:  
 Their late Success but juster *Fear* affords,  
 For they are now grown Worthy of our Swords.  
 Howe're 't must be confest, the *Gallick Pow'rs*  
 Can ne're Engage on *Equal Terms* with *Ours*.  
 In *Nature* we have th' Odds, they Dread, we Scorn,  
 The *English* o're the *French* are Conqu'ers *Born*.

The Terror still of our Third *Edwards* Name  
 Rebukes their Pride, and Damps their tow'ring Fame;  
 Nor can the Tide of many rousing Years  
 Wash the stain'd Fields of *Cressy* and *Poitiers*.  
 A pointed Horror strikes their Bosoms still,  
 When they Survey that famous, fatal *Hill*,  
 Where *Edward* with his Host Spectator stood,  
 And left the *Prince* to make the Conquest good.  
 The *Eagle* thus from her fledg'd Young withdraws,  
 Trusts 'em t'engage whole Troops of *Kites* and *Daws*.  
 Nor has the black Remembrance left their Brest,  
 How our Fifth *Harry* to their *Paris* prest,  
 Whilst *France* wept blood for their hot *Dauphins* Jest,  
 We fore't their Cavalry their Foot t'ore-run,  
 As Tides withstood, bear their own Billows down:  
 Such was the Virtue of our *Ancestours*,  
 And such, on just Resentment, shall be *Ours*;  
 Our temper'd Valour just *Pretence* requires,  
 As *Flints* are Struck, before they shew their *Fires*.

*Upon the Prentices-Feast at  
Merchant-Taylors-Hall.*

**T**He busie Town grew still, and City Fops  
Had bid adieu to melancholly Shops,  
Had left their lonesome Cells, and did repair  
To Drink, to Whore, to Feast, or take the air,  
I knew not which; but being Young I follow'd  
The shouting croud, and most devoutly hollow'd.  
At length arrived at a place they call  
The *Cockscombs-Court* or *Merchant-Taylors-Hall*, }  
Where the starv'd Prentices kept Carnival,  
Lenter'd; where in most prodigious sort  
Tables were placed al-a-mode at Court,  
I saw a Monster as I entered in  
(At first I took him for a rowling Pin)  
Till bowing with a grave Majestick grace  
Drew up his chaps; and said, Sir take your place;  
And so I did, for at a Loyal Dinner  
There is no difference 'twixt Saint and Sinner:  
In one place sat an hungry *Irish* Teague,  
And in another a sly cunning Whigg;  
In drouzy murmurs echo'd round the Hall  
The different voices of the Festival:  
At length the young shop Beagles enter'd in,  
And made a most confused hideous din;  
They yelp and bawl upon the hunting strain  
As if they meant to kill the *Bucks* again,

Till

Till monumental Pasty did arise,  
 Which stopt their Tongues and feasted all their eyes  
 The sharp set Prentices could scarce forbear  
 While Dr. *Crape* did say a Puny Prayer,  
 Which he made hast to do; but kept his Eye  
 Divinely fixt upon a Pudding-pye,  
 Least some base sneaking Rascal should convey  
 The Schollars well beloved bit away.  
 He having said, they all did cease from prating,  
 Left speaking nonsense, and all fell to eating.  
 One crys God save the King! Rips up a Pye,  
 But trayterous steam did put out every Eye.  
 And then he damns the Cook, and calls him Sot  
 To serve a Pasty up that was so hot;  
 Another gently tastes, and then he swore  
 In all his Life he ne're eat Buck before;  
 Another his long silence 'gan to break,  
 But's mouth was fill'd so full he could not speak;  
 A fourth (whom they deem'd to be i'th right)  
 Declar'd 'twas better for to eat then fight.  
 At length their hungry paunches being full,  
 With fill'd up Glasses, and with empty Scull,  
 Bending their Marrow-bones unto the ground,  
 With hoarse huzza's the Loyal Health went round.  
 How many converts Wine and Age do make?  
 When fore'd the earthly Region to forsake,  
 The aged Sinners whine in pious tone;  
 So every Drunkard is a Loyal Drone.  
 I (who as Loyal am, as tite, as true  
 As any of the Drunken Tory crew)

Of all  
 The be  
 But no  
 A Cata  
 For wh  
 In ever  
 But if  
 I was a  
 I drank  
 I had  
 I in de  
 Tories  
 Free fr  
 I've cal  
 A Re  
 th  
 Ci  
 W  
 Or el  
 Lay un  
 But in  
 Did w  
 Ple sw  
 His p  
 It beg  
 Twas

Of all the modern Healths ne're drank but this  
 The best, the Loyallest, his Majesties.  
 But now was forc'd to drink all Healths of Fame  
 A Catalogue, alas! too hard to name;  
 For which base fact, I'm markt a fallen star  
 In every Presbiterian Callender;  
 But if they call me for and fool, and say  
 I was a Rogue; it was but for a day;  
 I drank a Papist Health, and since 'twas so  
 I had a mental reservation too;  
 I in deceit to some a fool did show,  
 Tories to all are naturally so;  
 Free from the Peoples censure and disdain  
 I've cast my Tories skin, and now am Whigg again.

*A Rejoynder to the Whiggish Poem upon  
 the Tory - Prentices - Feast at Mar-  
 chant-Taylors-Hall.*

WELL! Tory Poets answers come at last,  
 The Tory Sots never write Verse in haste;  
 Or else the Cur got drunk like snoring Sow,  
 Lay under Board, and never wak't 'till now;  
 But if the noise the yelping Beagles keep  
 Did waken him, his Verse I'm sure's asleep.  
 I'll swear, I thought (when first I looked on  
 His Poem) he had sent me back mine own:  
 It began alike; alike almost throughout,  
 'Twas only mine was turn'd the inside out:

Tis

'Tis a damn'd trick the *Tory Tools* have got,  
 To kill an Enemy with his own Shot:  
 Had he not imp'd me, he'd been to seek  
 For an *Exordium* another week;  
 For of the *Tory Poets* I must say  
 It's a witty Rogue can write a Verse a day.  
 But *Gaffer-Goose-Cap*, who tould you such stories,  
*His Majesty* sent Bucks to feast the *Tories*?  
 You might as well have said the *King was dress'd*  
*In Royal Robes*, and came to be your guest.  
 But you may speak amiss, amiss may do,  
 It had been *Treason* if I had said so;  
*Tories* may murder Fame, may Honour kill,  
 May slander *Kings*, and yet be Loyal still,  
 Their Loyalty consist in doing ill,  
 You may 'tis like by these your Verses lewd,  
 Make the mistaken *Tory* multitude  
 Believe I *Treason* spake, and that I swore,  
 And I may safely say, you'l Drink and Whore,  
 But this for truth they all do know before.  
 That *Noble-men* were *Priests*, I ne're said so;  
 But Doctor *Crape-Gown's* may, for ought I know;  
 'Twas *Scandalum magnatum*, if I do in jest  
 But speak one word 'gainst *Stewards* of the Feast;  
 Though *Lords* be high, yet *Prentices* are low,  
 And lowly *Tailors* still were counted so:  
 You may say what you please, but without doubt  
 I may speak *Treason* against the *Rugged Routs*;  
 And Silly Fops 'cause they've all *Whiggs* abhorr'd,  
 Shall have as good a title as a *Lord*;

And p  
 Such L  
 No, f  
 Keep f  
 This S  
 Althou  
 Disloy  
 Whilf  
 Bravel  
 Witho  
 True  
 To sea  
 Illustri  
 (Tho  
 No fav  
 As I'le  
 No Ch  
 Shall b  
 Whilf  
 And r  
 Long r  
 Whilf

An A  
 F

T  
 And

And prosecute for scandal whom they please :  
 Such Lordly things are lordly *Prentices*.  
 No, silly *Citts* ! for ever doom'd to Shops,  
 Keep still your antient titles, *Fools* and *Fops*.  
 This *Sham* won't take ; I'm Loyal still and true,  
 Although I'm scandaliz'd by traiterous you ;  
 Disloyal *Tories* ! you the Traytors are ;  
 Whilst Loyal *Baxter*, *Curtis*, Loyal *Care*.  
 Bravely maintain their Sovereigns right in truth,  
 Without e're feasting of the snotty Youth,  
 True *Whiggs* ne're stoopt to such mean tricks as these,  
 To feast the hungry sniveling *Prentices*.  
 } Illustrious *Charles* ! by all that's great and high !  
 } (Tho I am branded with Disloyalty)  
 No fawning *Courtier* e're shall so much glose  
 As I'll detest thine and thy Nations Foes ;  
 } No *Charles the third*, nor budding *Embryo-King*  
 } Shall be the Subject for my *Muse* to sing.  
 } Whilst thou do live ; let *Traiterous Tories* sooth,  
 } And raise Sedition in the *Factionous Youth* ;  
 } Long may'st thou live and flourish in thy Throne,  
 } Whilst all these *little Kings* shall basely tumble down.

---

*An Answer to the Tories Pamphlet called, The Loyal  
 Feast : To the Tune of Sauncy will never  
 be my Love again.*

**T** *Ories* are Tools of *Irish Race*,  
 And well belov'd by *Blades* of the Town ;  
 They've *Irish Hearts*, but an *English Face*,  
 And *Dammee* and *Huzza* is all their tone.

With

With Abhorring and Addressing their time is spent,  
 Quaffing and Cursing, though all in vain:  
 But the main thing they fear is an honest Parliament  
*For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.*

2.

Tories are made like Bristol Cans,  
 Round and hollow, but I'll tell you more anon;  
 The Word is, *Dam mee Jack!* meet me at Sams;  
 There's honest Roger, and Flat-footed Tom,  
 Huffing and swearing in Silk so fine,  
 Black-Coats, Red-Coats, Lord and Swain;  
 E're long they'll Petition *Cesar* to resign,  
*For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.*

3.

These are the Lads that fight the Pope's Cause,  
 And all resolved, like pious good men,  
 To hang by nothing but the Right Line and Laws,  
 If the Pope and his Crew return not again;  
*Bristol's Tears and England's Woes,*  
 With *Scotland's Groans*, do tell us plain,  
 They will not take the Oaths they impose,  
*For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.*

4.

These are the Babes that wou'd shirk off the Plot,  
 And under the Name of the Churches true Sons,  
 Swear, Lye, and Sham, to have it forgot;  
 But a Pox take the Fops they talk not to Nuns,  
 They'll swear (but who'll be thus deceiv'd)  
 That *Godfrey* murder'd himself 'tis plain;  
 But the Devil on't is, they can't be believ'd,  
*Because the Tory's a Rogue in Grain.*

But h

M

The t

Bu

O! th

Th

But y

Th

The b

The

The F

And

Oaths

But

And al

For

Many

We

The ch

May

These

Our

To Cre

For T

God sa

Mon

But



5.

But hark! sure I hear the noise of a Feast,  
*Mars* and his Sons with a glorious Show,  
 The thing's very true, though I took it for a Jeast:  
 But here pray observe how they march'd from Bow;  
 O! the vast number, and well accoutr'd too:  
 These Bonny-boys, with their glistening Train;  
 But yet the hir'd Feathers, and Fagot Merchants knew,  
*That Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.*

6.

The board being spread with store of Flesh and Fish,  
 The Fat Kid, Wine, and other things besides;  
 The *French Mode* observ'd, to garnish every Dish,  
 And each course serv'd up with Crucifix and Bread:  
 Oaths Rot the *Whiggs*, with *Huzza's* flew about;  
 But Slavery and Oppressions, there lay the main;  
 And all to please the Image of the Rout,  
*For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.*

7.

Many fine Shows, and other pleasant Games,  
 Were offer'd after all, to please Spectators Eyes;  
 The chiefest of which was *Londons* fatal Flames;  
 May curses still attend those that mischief devise:  
 These are the Saints that plead *Common-Good*,  
 Our Persons to secure, but their Intent is plain,  
 To Crown us with Slavery, and Christen us in blood;  
*For Tory will still be a Rogue in Grain.*

8.

God save the KING, and the true Royal *James*,  
*Monmouths* Duke, and *Tony*, *Englands* Friend;

H

And

But

And all the honest Souls tho' I omit their Names ;  
 May Mischief in earnest their Enemies attend :  
 But for those Rogues, that truths do oppose,  
 And for *Romes Cause*, have play'd their Shams in vain  
 Let Shame and Confusion be Plagues to all those,  
*That are such Tories and Rogues in Grain.*

*The INFORMERS LECTURE To His  
 Sons, Instructing them in the My-  
 steries of that Religion.*

Come children, come, and learn your Fathers trade,  
 Though all else fail, here's good advantage made.  
 Come, come away, and learn my precepts all,  
 They'll make you rich, you'll get the Devil and all.  
 Your very breath shall do't, my art is such,  
 No Lawyer with his Tongue gets half so much :  
 Time ne're till now did open such a door  
 To wealth, to those who had spent all before.  
 No trade like this, no gains can clearer be ;  
 There's none have to glory more then we :  
 The gainfull'st trade comes short, the richest fails,  
 Merchants themselves may here to us strike Sails.  
 The nimble Cut-purse always works in fears,  
 He ventures Neck and all, we but our Ears :  
 The Souldier ventures hard for Spoils, and so  
 Gets them by force, we don't strike a blow :  
 The High-way men oft meet with many a Prey,  
 And yet we drive a richer trade then they :

For Jugler-like we need not bid them stand,  
 Blow but a blast, our Money's in our hand:  
 The Paritor, though he be near of kin,  
 In such a way of trading ne're has bin:  
 The pilfering Thief's in danger of the Stocks,  
 And Curtizans and Whores may fear the Pox;  
 This marres their Markets, makes them work in fear,  
 But in our Calling no such dangers are.  
 We need not fear, no dangers in our Eye,  
 At least if we can scape the Pillory:  
 And truly this we need not fear a Jot,  
 Hundreds that have deserv'd it, have it not,  
 And if we had, for all their Mocks and Jeers,  
 For twenty pound who would not loose his Ears?  
 We neither Preach nor Pray, we take no pains,  
 Preaching and Praying bravely us maintains:  
 They preach and pray, we swear, yet who gets more?  
 We thrive by swearing, preaching makes them poor.  
 We sail with tide, against the stream they row,  
 Swearing's the All-a-mode in fashion now.  
 Why should we labour? will not Swearing do?  
 That gets both Money and preferment too.  
 Some Swearers formerly did Money give,  
 And yet it is by Swearing that we Live.  
 And Perjury's but a small fault; what more?  
 And better too than we, have been forswore:  
 And what a Crime is this? is this so bad?  
 'Tis but turn Papist, Pardons may be had.  
 Whoever then is poor may thank himself,  
 Never did Mortals easier get their Wealth.

Learn lustily to swear, to damn and rant;  
 And then my Life for yours, you'll never want.  
 Though swear you must, all swearing will not serve;  
 Many that swear and curse, yet want and starve.  
 There is an Art in't all Men do not know;  
 And this I'll now to you (my Children) show,  
 Take my directions and you need not fear,  
 I'll shew you how, and when, and what to swear.  
 Mark when you swear, be sure to swear for gain,  
 'Tis those that swear for nought, that swear in vain.  
 Be sure Inform, do this without dispute,  
 But yet don't meddle with forbidden Fruit:  
 Observe your Friends, strive not against the tide,  
 Oppose not those that are o'th rising side.  
 Church men in pow'r, what e're be their Offence,  
 Meddle not with, we will with them dispence.  
 For this should be the greatest of your care,  
 To know for whom and against whom you swear.  
 For if you should reform all things amiss,  
 It would undo you, meddle not with this.

A thousand Oaths you hear, and many a Lye,  
 Meddle not yet, you've better Fish to frye;  
 For swearing, whoring, drinking overmuch,  
 Are genteel sins, and these you must not touch;  
 'Tis not the Mark at which you ought to aim,  
 You're Hunts-men, mind not then so low a Game.  
 Though Papists, Atheists, God and Christ blaspheme,  
 If you Inform, you'll sail against the stream:  
 The Pocky-nose, and the red-pimpled Face,  
 Are not the Persons that you have in chase.

These

Th  
 Wi  
 Fan  
 And  
 Min  
 But  
 Pray  
 Tha  
 For  
 Befo  
 Fana  
 Is me  
 Adul  
 And  
 The  
 In sec  
 If yo  
 Sham  
 But r  
 Pres  
 Be sun  
 For se  
 The S  
 Than  
 The S  
 Yet ne  
 These  
 Than  
 Stage-  
 Wakes

These little Sins are not worth reforming,  
 Will never bring a penny for Informing.  
*Fanaticks* faults are of a deeper dye,  
 And therefore mind these well, for so do I;  
 Mind therefore their Offences, yet not all,  
 But chiefly that they do their Duty call.  
 Praying and Preaching, these are worse by far,  
 Than swearing, whoring, or blaspheming are:  
 For men may swear unto their dying day,  
 Before they be compell'd a Groat to pay:  
 Fanatick Preaching though ne're so precise,  
 Is more infectious far than Swearing is.  
 Adultery! no doubt *Fanaticks* love it,  
 And are as bad as we, if we could prove it,  
 The mischief is, they sin as bad no doubt  
 In secret, but the Devil brings ours out.  
 If you should find them guilty, for your pains  
 Shame them enough, but this is all your gains.  
 But meddle not too much, such is our Fate,  
 Press them too hard, they will retalliate.  
 Be sure with Whores and Harlots you dispence,  
 For fear you give the worshipful offence.  
 The Sabbath-breakers Sins are less by far,  
 Than the offences of Tub-preachers are,  
 The *Sodomites* did many things amiss,  
 Yet ne're were guilty of such a sin as this.  
 These Meetings are more dangerous by far,  
 Than Bull-baits, Bear-baits or Cock-fightings are:  
 Stage-plays and Morrice-dances, Masks and Shows,  
 Wakes, May-games, Puppet-plays, and such as those

More harmless are ; for all their Mocks and Jears  
 Are innocent, if but compar'd with theirs :  
 You need not such-like numerous meetings fear,  
 There's none but Loyal Subjects will be here.  
 Whore-house and Stews which Gallants do frequent,  
 Compar'd with these are far more innocent :  
 'Tis five or six crept in some hole to pray,  
 That Plot the ruine of the Monarchy ;  
 Women and Children have been prov'd of late,  
 To be supplanters of the Church and State.  
 Some Country People, though yet out of sight,  
 Do put the King and Kingdome in a fright :  
 And those that neither Sword nor staff did bear,  
 Have made a Riot, put the World in fear.  
 Though *France*, and *Spain*, and *Rome*, and all conspire  
 Against our Land, our City set on Fire :  
 Threaten a Massacre; to spill our blood,  
 To bring in Popery on us like a Flood :  
 If half a score Fanaticks come to hear,  
 They'l put the Nation in a greater fear.  
 If silly Women, and some simple men  
 Get God but on their side, where are we then ?  
 Keep them asunder, that they might not pray,  
 Or do your best to keep their God away ;  
 For fear lest he should hear when they do cry,  
 And should Conventicle as well as they.  
 If they storm Heaven before us, 'tis a venture,  
 Whether they'l leave us any room to enter.  
 What though for King and Kingdom they do pray,  
 If we will Swear they mind it to destroy ?

They

They  
 We kn  
 The  
 For all  
 What  
 They p  
 Call it  
 Those  
 Say the  
 And be  
 What  
 Heed n  
 Praying  
 Than a  
 These  
 Yet no  
 The fa  
 To tea  
 These  
 What  
 Gods  
 We kn  
 Preach  
 You m  
 One S  
 Than i  
 Fanati  
 Than  
 Swear  
 Preach

They Plot in secret, though we do not hear it,  
 We know it well enough, and we dare swear it.  
 The Papiſts are by far more innocent,  
 For all their Plots, have far leſs miſchief meant.  
 What thoſe call pity, we muſt confeſs  
 They proſecute but in a fowler dreſs.  
 Call it Rebellion, Schiſm, or what is bad,  
 Thoſe that will kill a dog muſt ſay he's mad.  
 Say they are plotting and conſpiring too,  
 And boldly Swear it, if that will not do,  
 What though your conſcience give your tongue the lie,  
 Heed not your conſcience for to loſe thereby.  
 Praying and Preaching! this is worſe by far,  
 Than all the crying Sins of *Sodom* are,  
 Theſe ſins are Acted o're and o're each day,  
 Yet no one yet his forty pound did pay:  
 The fault is greater, and the danger's more,  
 To teach five Siſters then to bed a ſcore.  
 Theſe are but tricks of Youth, yea harmleſs toys,  
 Whatever God and Man and Conſcience ſays.  
 Gods Laws condemn theſe ſins ſay they: what then?  
 We know not thoſe, we know the Laws of M<sup>en</sup>.  
 Preaching and Praying, ſay men what they will,  
 You muſt regard, this water drives your Mill.  
 One Sermon brings more profit ten times over,  
 Than if you ſhould a thouſand Whores diſcover.  
 Fanatick-preachers bring more gain no doubt,  
 Than if you found ſo many Jeſuits out.  
 Swearing and Whoring now is all in Faſhion,  
 Preaching and Praying are the ſins of th' Nation,

A Jesuit's a mild and Gentle man.  
 If we compare him with the Puritan :  
 Who say in Doctrine they with us agree,  
 And they are Protestants as well as we,  
 'Gainst Ceremonies only they contend,  
 Which do their queasy Stomacks so offend.  
 Well, be it so : e're they and we agree,  
 We'll make them swallow Knives as well as we.  
 And though in secret corners now they sneak,  
 E're long we'll make them either bend or break.  
 We'll teach them shortly without much a do,  
 To bow to th' Altar and the Image too :  
 Who e're commands, we'll make them to obey,  
 The Bishops do't, and therefore why not they ?  
 We'll bring them down betime, for there's no doubt  
 If times should change, they'l be the first stand out.  
 Those that the Bishops Laws do now withstand,  
 We'll not obey, no though the Pope command.  
 'Gainst Kings and Kingdoms, sins they rage and roar,  
 When in their Tubs they care not who they goar.  
 In a right course therefore that you may fail,  
 Take these directions and you cannot fail.  
 Those men that will not pray and preach in jest,  
 Mark these, they are more dangerous then the Rest.  
 Those that act Sermons as a Stage-players part,  
 You need not fear them, they are sound at heart.  
 Those that against the Nations sins exclaim,  
 Are like to bring you the greatest gain.  
 He that doth rather chuse i'th' fire to burn,  
 Before he'll Atheist or a Papist turn ;

This

This is  
 A Gra  
 He th  
 And th  
 Observ  
 Ne're  
 But he  
 Withe  
 As the  
 Who  
 And th  
 And no  
 Bewar  
 They'  
 As all  
 Papist  
 Watc  
 And v  
 With  
 And  
 But v  
 You r  
 Taver  
 You  
 Havin  
 And  
 I hate  
 To f  
 E're  
 I wou



This is a stubborn Rogue, and like to be  
 A Grand affronter of Authority.  
 He that doth bow, and bend, and stand, and sit,  
 And shift his sails still as the Wind doth flit,  
 Observe his Leaders, and his right-hand-man,  
 Ne're fear, he'll never turn a Puritan.  
 But he that Serveth God for love, not mony,  
 Without Tradition or a Ceremony;  
 As the Apostles did in the days of yore,  
 Who never Cross did use or Surplice wore:  
 And those that in their Family would pray,  
 And not the Sabbath spend in sports and play:  
 Beware of those, for it is ten to one,  
 They're foully tainted, if not wholly gone:  
 As also those that unto Sermons gad,  
 Papists and Atheists are not half so bad:  
 Watch those, and they will fall into your trap,  
 And when they once are in, let none escape,  
 With Sermon, Prayer, and Fasting bait the Net,  
 And a full draught you will be sure to get.  
 But venture Swearers, Drunkards, never fear,  
 You need not watch them, they will ne're come there;  
 Taverns and Whore-houses they haunt 'tis plain,  
 You'll meet them there, but nothing to your gain.  
 Having your prey before you, spare ye none,  
 And whensoe're you Swear, be sure Swear home.  
 I hate these Quaking-fellows, that are loath  
 To swear to purpose, these but spoil an Oath.  
 Ere I'de loose twenty pound for want of reaching,  
 I would swear home, and swear that praying's preaching,

In

In doubtful cases you may safely Swear,  
 For twenty pound who would not loose an Ear?  
 And sometimes when you cannot come to see,  
 Swear those are present that are us'd to be.  
 March on brave Lads, fear not to drink and roar,  
 While the Fanatick's rich we'll ne're be poor.  
 We shall get money from these rustick Boars,  
 To pay our debts, and to maintain our Whores,  
 Like Furies haunt Fanaticks to the Death,  
 Leave not while they have money, life, or breath.  
 To drink, to drab, to whore, to lye, to swear,  
 It is the Garb that all our Tradesmen wear.  
 Hap'ly they'll call us Knaves, but 'tis no shame,  
 For any honest man to own his name.  
 O but our Names will rot they say! what then?  
 Let's dyelike Beasts, so we may live like Men.  
 But God will plague us in a darksome Den,  
 I would we could be sure to 'scape till then.  
 They do their duty: Well, and so do we,  
 Our Wives and Children must maintained be.  
 But of all men, they say, we are the worst,  
 The Fox thrives best (they say) when he's most curst:  
 Many Informers beggars prove to be;  
 And many Tradesmen break, what's that to me?  
 With Stocks and Pillory they would us fear,  
 Many for Money loose more than an Ear,  
 But ill got Goods third Heirs do seldom see!  
 We mean our own Executors to be.  
 Sons ply your work while you have ought to do,  
 For fear the Parliament prove Round-heads too:

And

and pray  
 to help  
 once  
 our track  
 this f  
 they sh  
 lean-w  
 and wic

An  
 Pub  
 Pro  
 Cit  
 ser

G O  
 Hang T  
 His Eye  
 My fel  
 But like  
 Muse!  
 Some M  
 Oh Ho  
 Thus t

and pray no Law in *England* may be made  
 to help Fanaticks, or to spoil our trade.  
 Once the Papists get the upper hand,  
 our trade will mend, though other trades should stand,  
 if this succeed (my Sons) let's never fear,  
 they shall to Mass, as well as Common-prayer.  
 Mean-while we'll let them cant, we'll sing and roar,  
 and with their Money drink, and drab, and whore.

An ELEGY upon *Marsh*,  
 A Publick Sworn INFORMER against  
 Protestant Religious Meetings in the  
 City of LONDON, who Dyed very mi-  
 serably in the Prison of the Compter.

Uter a Tergo Deus.

urft: G O set Scotch Bag-Pipes to the briskest Notes,  
 But let the Singing-men rend all their Throats,  
 Hang Tyburn round with Blacks, and let *Ketch* squeeze  
 his Eyes to Tears having thus lost his Fees;  
 My self (like a young Widdow) fain would cry,  
 But like her too, I know not how, nor why;  
 Muse! get an *Onion* quickly, or else Woo  
 some *Irish* Poet for a *Ha-la-loo*;  
 Oh *Hone*! Oh *Hone*! tell us what didst thou ail  
 Thus to trappan thy self into a Goal?

And

Thou

Thou hadst a stout protection, and 'tis said  
 A lumping Pension for good service paid :  
 Some bribes thou got'st, and many a Penalty  
 Was due we trow, and why then wouldst thou dye  
 Thy Cloven-footed Masters works not done,  
 Thou shouldst have Ruin'd thousands ere thou'dst gone  
 Thou shouldst have made each *Nonconformist* bow,  
 And left them all as poor as thou wert now ;  
 Then mounted on State with solemn pride,  
 Thou might'st to Hell in gilded *Chariot* ride :  
 Been *Pluto's* Vice-Roy, and preferred more  
 Than *Judas*, or thy brethren all before.  
 But now alas ! thou scarce can get i'th end  
 To be the Groom o'th *Close-stool* Chamber to the *Fiend*  
 But 'tis in vain thus to Expostulate,  
 For poor *Informers* warrant's out of date ;  
 The Man of *Gath* is fal'n that did so stickle,  
 And swore to confound each *Conventicle* ;  
 Grim Death hath by a seizure snatcht him hence,  
 For to receive his dear-earn'd Recompence :  
 Follow the scent, and from the *Stygian* Lake,  
 Fit Junk for such a wretched Subject take ;  
 Black as his Trade let every Line appear,  
 And each Ear tingle his sad Fate shall hear,  
 Not that I am of that Presumptuous fry,  
 Whose sawcy Fingers pick-lock Destiny,  
 Who snatcht Fates-book, and furiously transpose  
 To Judgments all misfortunes of their Foes ;  
 Vertue may be unhappy, and sometimes  
 Success here waits upon the worst of crimes,

is ano  
 must set  
 et must  
 ifibly  
 and again  
 than the  
 Perfect  
 ut in a  
 ust God  
 Thus bla  
 Though  
 and in t  
 Hark ho  
 With fr  
 Whether  
 ut whi  
 Pythe  
 k's gro

Stay  
 Under  
 Hear  
 and H  
 Ear  
 ure al

It is another day, a clearer Light  
 Must set all these seeming disorders right;  
 Yet must we grant that Heaven does now and then  
 Visibly punish Irreligious Men,  
 And against none its Arrows oftner fly  
 Than these sworn Enemies to Piety,  
 Persecuting Spirit never yet  
 But in a Cloud of shame and sorrow set;  
 O God! how equal are thy punishments  
 Thus blasting base designs with sad events;  
 Though Crafty in self woven Nets is wrapt  
 And in the Pit he digg'd for others, trap,  
 Hark how the Ravens and the Screech-Owls cries  
 With frightful Echoes chaunt his obsequies.  
 Whether he's gone now Dead, I shall not say,  
 But whilst alive, he took the broader way;  
 Pythagorean Tenets are not flams,  
 He's grown a *Wolf* by this, and worries Lambs.

## An Epitaph.

Stay Reader! and Piss here, for it is said  
 Under this Dirt there's an Informer laid,  
 If Heaven be pleas'd when Mortals cease from Sin,  
 And Hell be pleas'd when Villains enter in,  
 If Earth be pleas'd when it entombs a Knaves,  
 We all are pleas'd, for Marsh's in his Grave.

On

## On Liberty of Conscience

By Dr. WILD.

**N**O, not one word, can I of this great Deed,  
 In *Merlin*, or Old Mother *Shipton* read!  
 Old *Tuburn* take those *Tychobrace* Imps,  
*Astrologers*, who would be counted Pimps  
 To the Amorous Planets; they the Minuit know,  
 When *Jove* did Cuckhold poor *Amphitryo*,  
 Ken *Mars*, and made *Venus* wink and glances,  
 Their close Conjunctions, and mid-night Dances,  
 When costive *Saturn* goes to Stool, and vile  
 Thief *Mercury* doth pick his Fob the while:  
 When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her man  
 Throw't out of Window into th' Ocean.  
 More subtle than the Excise-men here below,  
 What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know;  
 Cunning Intelligencers, they will not miss  
 To tell us next year the success of this;  
 They correspond with *Dutch* and *English* Star,  
 As one once did with *CHARLES* and *Oliver*.  
 The *Bankers* might have, had they to them gone,  
 What Planet Govern'd the Exchequer, known.  
 Old *Lilly*, though he did not love to make  
 Any words on't, saw the *English* take  
 Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the Sign  
 Had been *Aquarius*, then they had made them Nine

Nine  
Wh

## (III)

When *Sagittarius* took his aim to shoot :  
 At Bishop *Cosin*, he spyed him no doubt;  
 And with such force the winged Arrow flew,  
 Instead of one Church Stagg he killed two,  
*Gloucester* and *Durham* when he espy'd,  
 Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd.  
 Well *Wille Lills*, thou knew'st all this as well  
 As I, and yet would'st not their Lordships tell.  
 I know thy Plea too, and must it allow,  
 PRELATES should know as much of Heaven as thou:  
 But now Friend *William* since it's done and past,  
 Pray thee, give us *Phanaticks* but one cast,  
 What thou foresaw'st of *March* the Fifteenth Last;  
 When swift and suddain as the Angels flye,  
 Th' Declaration for Conscience-Liberty;  
 When things of Heaven burst from the Royal breast,  
 More fragrant than the spices of the East.  
 I know in next years Almanack thou'lt write,  
 Thou saw'st the King and Council over-night,  
 Before that morn, all sit in Heaven as plain  
 To be discern'd, as if 'twere *Charles's Wain*,  
 Great B. great L. and two great AA's were chief  
 Under great CHARLES to give poor *Fan's* relief:  
 Thou sawest Lord *Arlington* ordain the man  
 To be the first Lay-Metropolitan.  
 Thou saw'st him give induction to a *Spittle*,  
 And constitute our brother TOM-DOE-LITTLE.  
 In the *Bears* paw, and the *Bulls* right Eye,  
 Some Detriment to Priests thou didst espye;

which

And though by *Sol* in *Libra* thou didst know  
 Which way the scale of policy would go;  
 Yet *Mercury* in *Aries* did decree,  
 That *Wool* and *Lamb* should still *Conformists* be.  
 But hark-you *Will*, Star-poching is not fair;  
 Had you amongst the Stars found this March-Hare,  
 Bred of that lusty Puss the Good Old Cause,  
 Religion rescued from Informing Laws;  
 You should have yelp't aloud, hanging's the end,  
 By *Huntsmens* Rule, of Hounds that will not spend.  
 Be gone thou and thy canting Tribe, be gone;  
 Go tell thy destiny to fools or none:  
 Kings Hearts and Councils are too deep for thee,  
 And for thy Stars and *Dæmons* scrutinie.  
 King *CHARLES* Return was much above thy skill  
 To fumble out, as 'twas against thy will,  
 From him who can the hearts of Kings inspire,  
 Not from the *Planets*, came that sacred Fire  
 Of Sovereign Love, which burst into a Flame;  
 From God and from the King alone it came.

## To the KING.

SO great, so universal, and so free!  
 This was too much great *CHARLES*, except for Thee,  
 For any King to give a Subject hope:  
 To do thus like Thee, would undo the Pope.  
 Yea, tho his Vassals should their wealth combine,  
 To buy Indulgence half so large as Thine;



No, if they should not only kiss his Toe,  
 But *Clement's Podex*, he'd not let them goe.  
 Whil'st Thou, to's Shame, Thy immortal Glory,  
 Hast freed *All-Souls* from reall Purgatory;  
 And given *All-Saints* in Heav'n new Joys, to see  
 Their Friends in *England* keep a Jubilee.  
 Suspect them not, Great Sir, nor think the worse;  
 For sudden Joys, like Grief, confound at first.  
 The Splendor of Your Favour was so bright,  
 That yet it dazles, and o'rewhelms our Sight.  
 Drunk with her Cups, my Muse did nothing find  
 And until now, her Feet she could not find.  
 Greediness makes *Prophanels* i'th first place;  
 Hungry Men fill their Bellies, then lay Grace.  
 We wou'd make Bone-fires, but that we do fear  
 Name of *Incendiaries* we may hear.  
 We wou'd have Musick too, but 'twill not do,  
 For all the Fiddlers are *Conformists* too,  
 Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman Swears,  
 (By the King's leave) the Bells and Ropes are theirs;  
 And let 'em take 'em, for our tongues shall sing  
 Your Honour louder than their Clappers Ring.  
 Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine,  
 We'll dress the Vineyard, they shall drink the Wine.  
 Their Church shall be the Mother, ours the Nurse;  
 Peter shall Preach, *Pauls* shall bear the Purse;  
 No Bishops, Parsons, Vicars, Curates, we,  
 But only Ministers desire to be.  
 We'll preach in Sackcloth, they shall Read in Silk,  
 We'll Feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk.

Let but the *Black-birds* sing in bushes cold,  
 And may the *Jack-Daws* still the Steeples hold.  
 We'll be the *Feet*, the *Back*, and *Mands*, and they  
 Shall be the *Belly*, and devour the *Prey*,  
 The Tythe-pigg shall be theirs, we'll turn the Spit,  
 We'll bear the Cross, they only Sign with it.  
 But if the Patriarchs shall envy show  
 To see their Younger-Brother *Joseph* go  
 In Coat of divers colours, and shall fall  
 To rend it, 'cause it's not Canonical:  
 Then may they find him turn a Dreamer too;  
 And live themselves to see his Dream come true.  
 May rather they and we together joyn  
 In all what each can; but they have the *Coyne*,  
 With Prayers and Tears such Service much avail:  
 With Tears to swell your *Seas*, with Prayers your  
 And with Men too, from both our Parties; such (*Sails*,  
 I'm sure we have, can cheat, or beat, the *Dutch*.  
**A Thousand Quakers**, Sir, our side can spare;  
 Nay, two or three, for they great breeders are.  
 The Church can match us too with Jovial Sirs,  
 Informers, Singing-men and Paraters.  
 Let the King try, set these upon the Decks  
 Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* Vex.  
 Their Breath will mischief far beyond a Gun,  
 And if you lose them, you'll not be undone.  
 Accept dread Sir, and pardon this coarse Paper;  
 Your License 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

T  
 Ri  
 W  
 Fo  
 Mo  
 Ju  
 Th  
 Lav  
 Kin  
 Joy  
 For  
 Law  
 To  
 Can  
 Wh  
 Brea  
 Con  
 Let  
 Whi

(115)

THE  
C H A R A C T E R  
O F A  
True English - Man.

**T**He free-born *English*, generous and wise,  
Hate *Chains*; but do not *Government* despise;  
Rights of the Crown, Tribute and Taxes, they  
When lawfully exacted, freely pay.  
Force they abhor, and wrongs they scorn to bear,  
More guided by their Judgment than their Fear,  
Justice with them was never held severe.  
There, Pow'r by *Tyranny* was never got,  
Laws might perhaps enslave them. Force cannot.  
Kings are less safe in their unbounded Will,  
Joyn'd with the wretched Pow'r of doing Ill.  
Forsaken most, when they're most absolute;  
Laws Guard the Man, and only bind the brute.  
To force that Guard with its worst Foe to joyn,  
Can never be a prudent Kings Design,  
What Prince would change to be a *Cataline*?  
Break his own Laws, shake the unquestion'd Throne,  
Conspire with Vassals to usurp his own!  
Let *France* grow proud beneath the Tyrant's Lust,  
Whilst the rackt People crawl, and lick the Dust:

The mighty *Genius* of this Isle disdains  
 Both *High-shoon* Slavery, and Golden Chains.  
*England* to servile Yoke could never bow;  
 What *Conquerors* ne're presum'd, who dares do now?  
 In vain your Holiness does rack your Brain,  
 No Son of yours that happy Isle can gain:  
 Arm'd with blest Bibles, and undated Law,  
 They guard themselves, and keep the World in awe:  
 Whilst *CHARLES* Survives, and Parliaments can Sit,  
 They scorn your *Tories* Swords, and *Jesuits* Wit.

## ABHORRERS ABHOR'D.

**A** Bhorr'd Abhorrrers, horribly Abhorr'd!  
 Monsters more bale than *Africk* can afford?  
 What? Not *Petition* to our Sovereign Lord,  
 That Parliaments might sit, and save the KING  
 And Kingdom too, from those that both would bring  
 To Slavery; first Lawless Chains at Home,  
 And next intollerable Yokes from *Rome*?  
 Be gone ye Fops to *France*, and there enslave  
 Your selves, and Spurious off-spring; for a Knave  
 Is fit t'engender Vassals; but too brave  
 Is this *Rich Isle*, which only owneth those,  
 That *Popish Bondage* do resolve t'oppose:  
 Was't thou in *England* born, and there born Free?  
 Thou profane *Espan*! Nay more vile than He;

To

To  
 Wh  
 Wa  
 Let  
 And  
 Ther  
 The  
 Seru  
 Blast  
 No  
 Fo  
 TH  
 Do

H  
 Nigh  
 Welc  
 As G  
 The h  
 At yo  
 Each  
 And c  
 By yo  
 A Mat  
 But fir

To sell thy Birthright to the *French* and *Pope*,  
 Where all the Acquisition thou could'st Hope  
 Was wooden-shoes; Fire, Fagot, and a Rope?  
 Let *Tyburn* take thee, and thy fellow Slaves,  
 And all detesting and Abhorring Knaves.  
 Then *CHARLES* lives safe, and quickly may become  
 The Head of all Reformed *Christendome*:  
 Secure the Belgick fears, and ours at Home.  
 Blast *Flower-de-Luces*, and the Keys of *Rome*.  
 Next after God, to him our thanks we pay,  
 For this (if but well-us'd) sure healing day;  
 That our great Senate sits, whose joynt Accord  
 Does Vote *ABHORRERS* all to be *Abhor'd*.

## To the Parliament.

**H**Ail, Glorious *Senate*, welcom as the day  
 To wearied Pilgrims that have lost their way,  
 Night-Mare'd by *Goblins*, and long led astray.  
 Welcom! as Liberty to *Algier*-Slaves;  
 As Gold to Courtiers, or Pardons to Knaves.  
 The half-dead Genius of our trembling Isle  
 At your Approach revives into a Smile:  
 Each drooping Protestant begins look Gray,  
 And dull *October* Rivals sprightly *May*.  
 By your Sage Councils we at once become  
 A Match for haughty *France* and treacherous *Rome*:  
 But first subdue the Monsters here at Home.

Monsters! that would our Sacred Faith and Laws  
 O're-turn, and in their never satiate Maws  
 Swallow ( like *Egypt's Vermin* ) each green thing,  
 Enslave our Persons, and destroy our King;  
 That seek to strike out both our Eyes, and still  
 Confine (for sport) our *Sampsons* to their Mill.  
 Prevent those dire designs, Dispel our Fears,  
 Blast the Plot at the Root, and by your Cares  
 Secure both us, and our yet unborn Heirs.  
 May Heavens Blessing Crown all your Debates  
 ( On which depend more than three Kingdoms Fates.)  
 May your blest Union calm our jarring Notes,  
 And Publick-Good give Birth to all the Votes,  
 From each true English Heart these Vows are sent,  
 Long live our King, Long sit our Parliament.

### *A short Reply to Absalon and Achitophel.*

**I**N pious times when Poets were well bang'd  
 For sawcy Satyr, and for Sham-Plots hang'd,  
 A Learned Bard, that long commanded had  
 The trembling Stage in Chief, at last run mad,  
 And Swore and tore and ranted at no rate.  
*Apollo* and his *Muses* in debate  
 What to do with him, one cry'd, let him Blood,  
 That says another, will do little good,  
 His brains infected sure, under his Nose  
 We'll burn some Feathers of *Penn*, who knows  
 But that may bring him to himself again?

Ay,

Ay,  
 For  
*Apo*  
 Rose  
 He  
 Wel  
 Some  
 Agre  
 Open  
 Took  
 Then  
 Mixt  
 Distil  
 And  
 For th  
 And g  
 The p  
 It did  
 But 't  
 For fi  
 With  
 Like a  
 Snarlin  
 The or  
 And h  
 Then f  
 Treats  
 But m  
 He mu  
 He wh  
 The T

Ay, for some time says *Clyo*; she was more  
For *Opiates*, others for *Hellebore*.

*Apollo* having heard all they could say,  
Rose up and thank't them said, he'd try a way  
He hop'd would do, then call'd a Noble Friend  
Well vers't in Men, and beg'd of him to spend  
Some time and pains upon this wretch, which he,  
Agreeing to, went presently to work,  
Open'd his head, saw where the Maggots lurk,  
Took many of them out, put them in Sut,  
Then Added *Mercury* and *Nitre* to't,  
Mixt and infus'd them well, and after all,  
Distil'd them in a Limbeck Comical,  
And drew a Spirit very Sovereign,  
For those are troubled with the fits o'th' Brain,  
And gave our Poets some, all he could make  
The peevish, Squeamish, self-wil'd Coxcomb take,  
It did him good and cur'd him of those Fits:  
But 'twas too little to restore his Wits:  
For since he has gin o're to Plague the Stage  
With the effects of his Poetick rage,  
Like a mad Dog he runs about the Streets,  
Snarling and Biting every one he meets.  
The other day he met our Royal *CHARLES*,  
And his two Mistresses, and at them Snarles.  
Then falls upon the Ministers of State  
Treats them all A-la-mode *de Billingsgate*:  
But most of all, the glory of our gown,  
He must be bark't at, Drivil'd, pist upon.  
He whose soft tongue had charmes enough t'assuage  
The Tygers fierceness, could not scape the rage

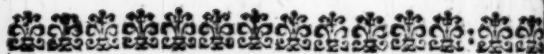
Of this same whiffling Cur; poor Cerberous;  
 That taught the Rogue to bark, was serv'd just thus.  
 This Vipers brood, contrary to all Laws,  
 The torn out Entrails of his Parent knows.  
 He gives no quarter, spairs no friend, nor foe,  
 And where he once gets hold, never lets go  
 Until he breakes a Tooth, which he hath done  
 So oft of late that he hath few or none  
 Left in his mouth. Nay which is worst of all  
 On his Physitian he does always fall,  
 And find him out where e're he is, and bawl  
 Eternally, taking in Evil part  
 What he good man did by the rules of Art,  
 And for his good, assisted by a Set  
 Of the most able Leeches he could get;  
*Apollo* vext to see there was no more  
 Effect of Medicine, bid his Friend give o're,  
 And sent some Chirurgions to him to anoint  
 The Carcase of the whelp in every Joynt  
 With Oyl of Crab-tree, than which nothing fetches  
 The itching Venome out of Scribling Wretches  
 Better or sooner, but I know not how  
 It came to pass, with him it would not do.  
 For since his being anointed, he is run  
 Yelping with Towter up and down the Town,  
 And crying out against an *Abfalon*  
 And an *Achitophel*. The Currs had got  
 Between them in their Mouths a new Sham-Flor,  
 The Twentieth of the Kings, some say indeed  
 It is the same that Mother *Celcier* hid,

Deep



Deep in the Meal-tub, only new lick't o're  
 And brought to better shape by half a score  
 Of *Irish* Mongrels, newly fetcht from thence,  
 The best in *En. land* at an Evidence.  
 A little bribe will make them swear devoutly,  
 They're much more famous for their swearing stoutly,  
 Then for their fighting so, this kind of Cattel  
 Are better far at Roguery than Battel.  
 An *Irish* man's Antiwood-cock, cares  
 To venture nothing but his head and Ears.  
 This Copper coin will never with us pass,  
 It looks so scurvily, nay it smells of Brass;  
 How could you think this would be currant here,  
 That is not so at home? 'Tis cry'd down there.  
 What then shall we do now; faith you had best  
 Try *Scotland* next, now it hath past the Test;  
 Come hither my Dog *Towser*, come, for I  
 A new Experiment intend to try,  
 I'll have thee worm'd, hold out thy Venom'd Tongue,  
 What a huge Worm is here? 'Tis an Inch Long,  
 And of the *Jehusite* smells very strong,  
 If this won't do thou shalt be fairly hung.

Oliver



# *Oliver Cromwells Ghost.*

By Doctor Wild.

**R**ows'd from Infernal Caverns void of Light,  
 Where Traytors Souls keep an Eternal Night:  
 Through the Earths friendly Pores at last I come  
 To view the Fate of Mangled *Christendoms*,  
 Treason and Blood, Ruin and Usurpation,  
 Deceit, Hypocrisie, and Devastation;  
 Envy, Ambition, and untam'd desire,  
 Still to gain more, still to be mounted higher:  
 Wars, Janglings, Murders, and a Thousand more  
 Vices like these, you know were heretofore.  
 The only grateful Bantlings, which could find,  
 A kind Reception in my gloomy mind----  
 ----But now alas I'm chang'd---- the Pondrous guilt  
 Of Treason, and the Sacred blood I spilt;  
 Those crouds of Loyal-Subjects I made groan,  
 Under pretence of strict Religion,  
 When I my self, to speak the Truth, had none:  
 Too weighty for my struggling Soul did grow,  
 And prest it downwards to the shades below,

Where

Where  
 formen  
 do gr  
 No: I  
 Of I l  
 to the  
 For oth  
 And wh  
 a cullin  
 bilkt r  
 Once m  
 Where  
 Than H  
 Since L  
 Both D  
 Though  
 Yet Ron  
 Thou in  
 Than M  
 Wha  
 That  
 Must M  
 Now be  
 Methou  
 A Pious  
 Especial  
 Spitted  
 But nov  
 He was

Where it these twenty years has Silent lain,  
 Tormented with Variety of pain,  
 Too great for fleshly Mortals to sustain.

Not had it budg'd as yet--- but that the Fame  
 Of Plots, Conspiracies, and Murders came  
 To the Infernal Gates so fast, that I,  
 For others good, forgot my misery:  
 And whilst the busie *Demons* were Employ'd  
 In culling out a bloody Regicide,  
 Whilst my Keeper, and with wondrous pain,  
 Once more I mount my Native Soyl again;  
 Where to my Grief, more Villanies I view,  
 Than Heav'n e're Pardon'd, or than Hell e're knew.  
 Since *Lucifer's* like *Rome's* Destructive Pride,  
 Both Damn'd himself, and all his Imps beside:  
 Though old in Artful Wickedness I be,  
 Yet *Rome*, I now Resign the Wall to thee;  
 Thou in this single Plot, hast now done more  
 Than Mankind, helpt by Hell, could do before.

What! was thy swell'd Ambition grown so wide,  
 That nought but Kings could satisfie thy Pride?  
 Must *Monarchs*, whom the Heav'n it self do's prize,  
 Now become Morsels for thy gaping Vice.  
 Methought, though hot with Gluttony thou burn,  
 A Pious Justice might have serv'd thy turn;  
 Especially when, (to content you more)  
 Spitted on's Sword, and Pickled in his Gore;  
 But now your aim we better understand,  
 He was the Whet--- you gap'd for all the Land.

Strange

Strange Cormorant! that in her monstrous Breast,  
Could at one meal three butcher'd Lands digest.

Ye Powers! I thought my Countries Innocence,  
(When in fierce Whirlwind) you had born me hence)  
And by the Pow'r of your most just command,  
Restor'd the Scepter to the owners hand)  
Would have sufficient bin to Wall you free  
From the Assaults of such an Enemy.  
I little thought, when last I took my leave,  
And sadly entred my unwelcome Grave,  
That e're the Porphry Idol could command  
So great a Friendship in our Native Land;  
As by that means to hope to circumvent,  
With black design both King and Government.

But yet take heed ye Romish Idiots,  
That have a hand in these most Hellish Plots;  
Who by your base contrivance, hope to bring  
Ruin to Nations, Death unto a King.  
Beware, I say, by my Example do,  
For there's a God above does all things view:  
Tho wrapt in Clouds amongst the Skies he dwells,  
Yet he discerns you in your closest Cells;  
See's your Contrivances, and whilst you poor  
Conceiv'd Traytors think your selves secure,  
He your Clandestine Plots does plainly view,  
And will divulge them and their Actors too.  
Trust my Experience, one who if you will  
Believe, what all the World says of him still.  
Had no small share of Pride, Ambition, Wit,  
Courage and Conduct too to mannage it.

By

By which I wrought my Curst designs so high;  
 I could have match'd my Brewers Family  
 With the best Blood in *Brittain*. Right or wrong;  
 Or Life or Death, attend'd on my Tongue:  
 All the three Kingdoms truckled to my Will---  
 But what of this? --- I was a Traytor still.  
 Nay, so intemperate was my folly grown,  
 I boldly offer'd at the Sacred Crown;  
 Which though I mist, --- yet by a hol/ Cheat,  
 At last I gain'd to fill the tott'ring Seat;  
 And made ten Thousand Souldiers Arm'd appear  
 With Roaring Guns to plead my Title there.  
 Not doubting but that happy Seat should be  
 Transfer'd from me to my Posterity.

But all was insignificant, when Death  
 Unkindly Robb'd me of beloved breath:  
 My Titles all forsook me, and my Race,  
 Instead of them, Inherit my disgrace.

This is the Fate of Traytors here; but know,  
 That could you think what they endure below,  
 I'm sure you would be Loyal; but the Pope  
 By prating Jesuits, has so rais'd your hope,  
 That I in vain those tortures now should tell,  
 You'l know them when I meet you there---

Farewel,

R. W. D. D.

Upon

# Upon Nothing.

## By the E. of R.

**N**othing thou Elder Brother, *Eve* to shade,  
Thou had'st a being e're the World was made  
Well fixt alone, of ending not afraid.

E're Time and Place were, Time and Place were none  
When primitive Nothing, Something strait begot,  
Then all proceeded from the great united What!

Something, the General Attribute of all,  
Sever'd from Thee its sole Original,  
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet Something, did thy Nothing Power command  
And from thy Fruitful Emptinesses Hand  
Snatch Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air, and Land

Matter, the wicked'st Off spring of thy Race,  
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,  
And Rebel Life obscur'd thy Reverend Face.

With Form and matter, Time and Place did joy  
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,  
To spoil thy Peaceful Reign, and Ruin all thy Line

But Turn-Coat Time assists the Foe in vain,  
And bribed by Thee, destroys their short Lived Reign  
And to thy hungry Womb drives back the Slaves again

Thy Mysteries are hid from Laick Eyes,  
And the Divine alone by Warrant pries  
Into thy bosome, where thy Truth in private lies.

Yet  
Thou  
And to  
Gro  
Enqui  
Did'st  
Is,  
Of Tr  
That p  
Wh  
Withi  
Reduc  
But  
That s  
With  
Wh  
From  
And no  
Not  
For wh  
Lawn

Fren  
Hybern  
Spania

Yet this of Thee, the Wise may truly say,  
Thou from the Virtuous, nothing takes away;  
And to be part of Thee, the Wicked wisely Pray!

Great Negative! how vainly would the Wise  
Enquire, Design, Distinguish, Teach, Devise,  
Did'st not thou stand to point their blind Philosophies?  
Is, or is not, the two great Ends of Fate,  
Of True or False, the Subject of debate,  
That perfects or destroys designs of State.

When they have wrackt the Politicians breast,  
Within thy bosome most securely Rest,  
Reduc'd to Thee are least, tho safe and best.

But Nothing, why doth Something still permit,  
That sacred Monarchs should at Council set  
With Persons thought, at best, for Nothing fit?

Whilst weighty Something, modestly abstains  
From Princes Courts, and from the States-mans brains,  
And nothing there like stately Nothing Reigns.

Nothing, that dwells with Fools, in grave disguise,  
For whom they Rever'd Forms and Shapes devise,  
Lawn Sleeves, and Furrs, and Gowns, when they  
(look Wise.

*French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,*  
*Hyternian Learning, Scotch Civility,*  
*Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit* are seen in Thee.

# On Bow-Church and Steeple.

## Or a Second Poem upon Nothing!

**L**ook how the Country-Hobbs with wonder flock  
To see the *City-croft*, turn'd *Weather-cock*!  
Which with each shifting Gale, veres too and fro;  
*London* has now got twelve strings to her Bow!  
The Wind's *South-East*, and strait the Dragon ruffles  
His brazen wings to court the breeze from *Brussels*!  
The Wind's at *North*! and now his hissing Fork,  
Whirles round, to meet a flattering gale from *York*!  
*Boxing* the Compass, with each freshing Gale,  
But still to *London* turns his threatening Tail.  
But stay what's there; I spy a stranger thing;  
Our Red-cross brooded by the Dragons wing!  
The wing is warm, but O! beware the sting!  
Poor *English-Cross*, expos'd to winds and weathers,  
Forc't to seek shelter in the Dragons feathers!  
Ne're had old *Rome* so rare a piece to brag on,  
A Temple built to great *Bell*, and the *Dragon*!  
Whilst yet undaunted Protestants, dare hope,  
They that will worship *Bell*, shall wear the Rope,  
O how our *English* Chronicles will shine!  
*Burnt*, sixty six; *Rebuilt*, in seventy nine,  
When *Jacob Hall* on his High-Rope shews tricks,  
The Dragon flutters; the *Lord-Mayors* Horse kicks;  
The *Cheapside*-crowds, and *Pageants* scarcely know  
Which most t'admire, *Hall*, *Hobby-Horse*, or *Bow*;

And

But  
(G  
Ou  
Na  
Wh  
Of  
But  
Wh  
Wes  
Of  
Thy  
But  
And  
Soon  
Ther  
Thy  
Ador  
How  
Ah fo  
In wh  
Nay f  
To bu  
That i  
An Ho  
To R  
Perhap  
Drago  
Then  
And if  
Tell's v  
Facing  
Where  
Of Ele  
Applau  
Player  
Shall to  
Whilst



But what mad Hecatey for your Zeal on fire?  
 (Grave Citizens!) to raise Immortal Spire  
 On Sea-coal Basis? which will sooner yield  
 Matter to Burn a Temple, than to Build!  
 What the Coals build, the Ashes bury! no Men  
 Of Wisdom, but would dread the threatening *Omen*!  
 But thy (Proud Dragon!) now preferred to Flight,  
 What Marvels from this Prospect dost thou spy?  
*Westward* thou seest, and flingst hat at the Walls  
 Of, sometimes Rev'rend, now Regenerate, *Pauls*,  
 Thy envious Eyes, such Glories cannot brook,  
 But as the Devil once over Lincoln, look:  
 And envies Poyson, will dry Bowell Tear  
 Sooner than *Daniel's* Dose, of Pitch, and Hair!  
 Then *Eastward*, to avoid that wounding sight,  
 Thy Glaring Eyes upon the *Mun-glafs*, light  
 Adorn'd with Monstrous forms to clear the scope,  
 How much thou art out-dragon'd by the Pope.  
 Ah fools! to dress a Monument of woe  
 In whistling Siles, that should in Sackcloth, go!  
 Nay strangely wise, our Senators appear  
 To build That, and a *Bedlam* in a year,  
 That if the *Mun-glafs* crack, they may inherit  
 An Hospital becoming their great merit!  
 To *Royal Westminster*, next turn thine eye;  
 Perhaps a Parliament thou may'st espy,  
 Dragons of old gave Oracles at *Rome*;  
 Then Prophesie, their Day, their Date, and Doom!  
 And if thy *Visual Ray* can reach the Main;  
 Tell's when the Duke, new gone, returns again!  
 Facing about; next view our *Guildhall* well,  
 Where *Reverend Fox-furrs* charm'd by potent spell  
 Of Elephants, (nam'd wrong side outward) dare  
 Applaud the Plays; and yet hiss our the Player:  
 Player! whose wise Zeal for City, Country, King,  
 Shall to all points of the wide Compass ring  
 Whilst *Bow* has Bells, or *Royal Thames* a Spring!

Thy Roving Eye perhaps from *Hague* may send,  
 How the *New League*, has made *Old Foes*, *New Friends*;  
 But let substantial wings, *Credence* give it,  
 Or Ne've believe me, if the *House* believe it!  
 If true, I fear too late! *From* among *us*,  
 (Like *Pearl* dissolv'd in *Clay*'s *Cup*)  
*Trade*, *Empire*, *Neitherlands* has swallowed up;  
 But heark! The *Dragon* speaks from *Brass* Mouth,  
 Whose words, though wind, are spoken in *God*'s *Truth*;  
 To you of *Ratling* fame, and great esteem;  
 The higher placed, the less you ought to seem!  
 To you of *Noble Souls*, and *Gallant Minds*,  
 Learn to outface (with me) the *Huffing* winds;  
 To tim'rous feet & *Spirits*, that live beneath;  
 Learn not of me to turn with every breath!  
 To those who like (*Camelions*) live on *Air*,  
 Popular Praise is thine *Consumptive* fare!  
 To you who *Steeple* upon *Steeple* set,  
 Cut my *Cocks-comb*, if e're to *Heaven* you get.

*The Conclusion.*

I.

Let *Gods* un-erring *Providence* protect  
 Great *CHARLES* in's *Throne*, and all his ways direct;  
 Let all His *Foes* be scatter'd like the *Dust*;  
 And let that *Sacred Trust*,  
 (Deriv'd from *God* alone)  
 Make a lasting and a happy *Throne*.

II.

Let all *State-Traytors* *Plots*, be left i'th' *Lurch*,  
 That hate our *Sovereign*, and would ruin our *Church*;  
 May's *Royal Temples* wear the *Imperial Crown*,  
 Till *Englands* *Foes* come down,  
 With vengeance from that seat  
 Usurpt to ruin us, and make them great.

F I N I S.

